

P.
D.
C.

DYNAMIC COMICS

NO. 17

10¢

HARRY A. CHESLER JR.
WORLD'S
Greatest
COMICS

YOU'VE BEEN
DISCHARGED A WEEK
NOW, DON'T YOU THINK
IT'S TIME YOU
WENT HOME?





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Given

Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.



POWERFUL TELESCOPE
GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

CAMERA

Candid type.
GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



Birthstone RING

New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for

your month date. GIVEN

for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order. A Good Luck Gift.

6 TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.



6 TEASPOONS



SET OF DISHES

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated, GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

BASEBALL GAME

Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



HOLSTER SET

Cowboy Outfit. Pistol and Holster. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

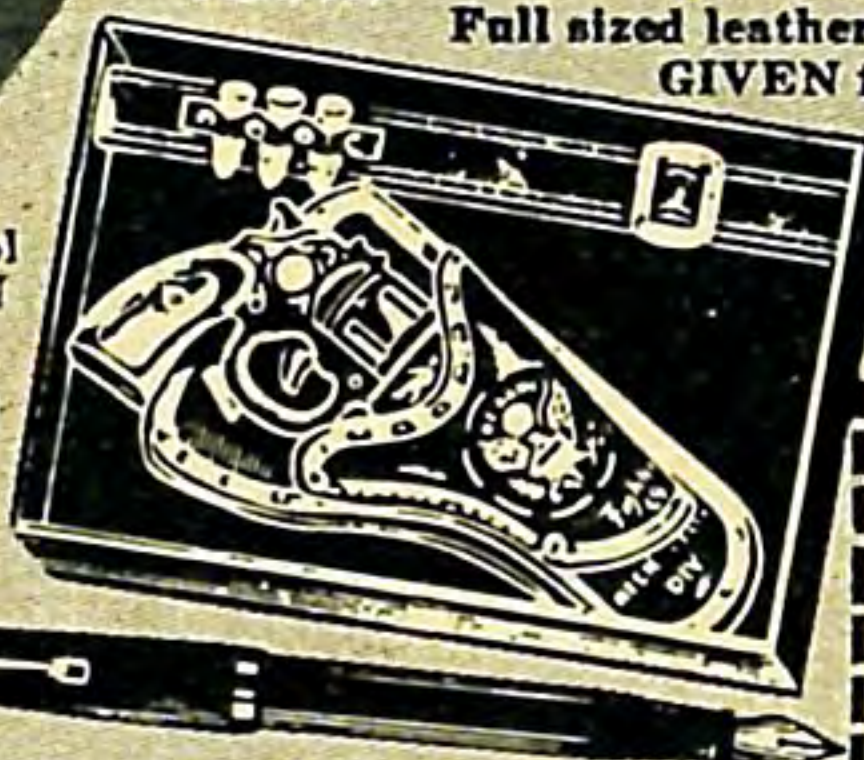
WALKY-TALKY

Gives hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



SOFTBALL SET

3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



SEND TODAY

LEATHER BILLFOLD

Full sized leather billfold. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.



FOUNTAIN PEN

Also pencil sets. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as billfolds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery, and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-537, Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

Name

Address

City

State..... Gift Wanted.....

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-537, Jefferson, Iowa

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1332, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa



Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1332, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

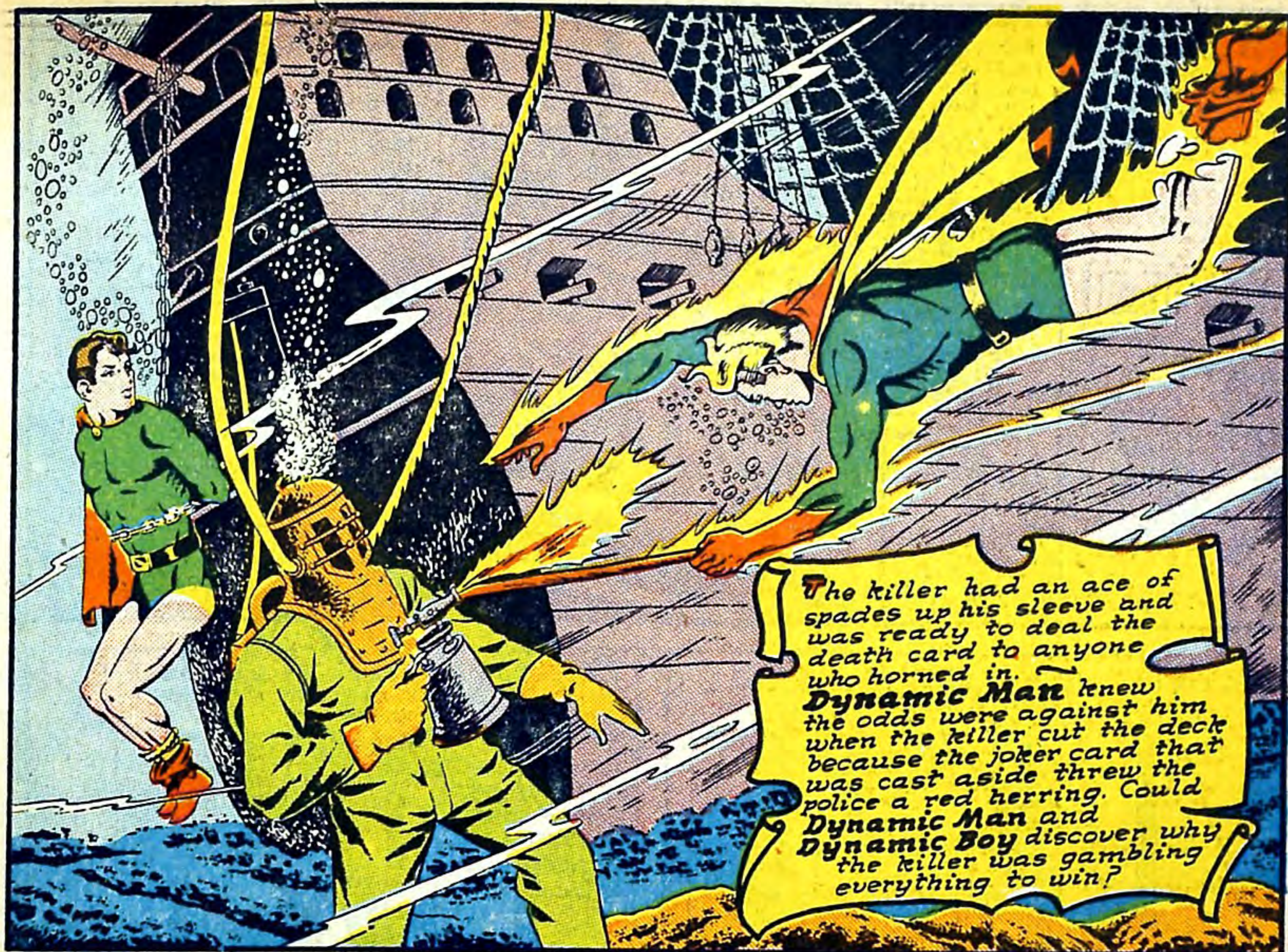
Name

Address

City..... State.....

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes



DYNAMIC MAN



HAW-HAW-HAW!
THAT JOKE IS OVER
A HUNDRED AND
FIFTY YEARS OLD.
SHE WAS CAUGHT
IN A SQUALL WHEN
SHE SET SAIL FOR
ENGLAND CARRYING
A FORTUNE IN
CUSTOMS HOUSE
RECEIPTS.

IF YOU
DOUBT ME,
LOOK WHAT
I GOT BY
DRAGGING
MY BAIT
BUCKET ON
THE BOTTOM!



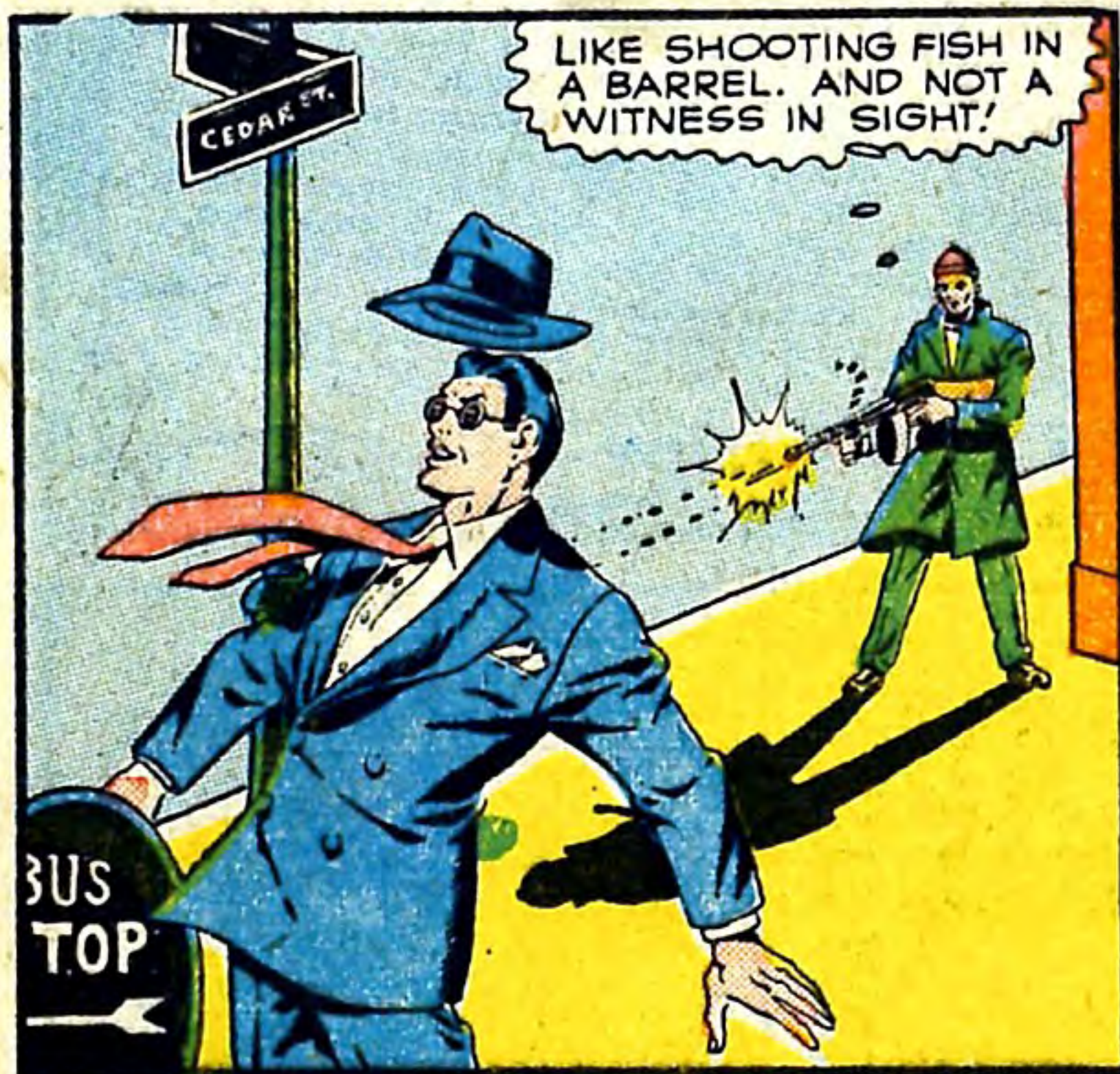
GOLD COINS!
OKAY, I'LL TAKE
THE JOB, WHEELER,
AT THE STANDARD
TEN-PERCENT
SALVAGE RATE.
GIVE ME THE
EXACT LOCATION.
YOU HAVEN'T
TOLD ANYONE?

NOT A
SOUL. I
WANTED
TO PLAY
SAFE.



Ten minutes later--
LET HIM
HAVE IT AT
THE BUS STOP
ON CEDAR
STREET, GROOTY!
AND GET THAT
CHECK OFF HIM.

NIFTY
SET-UP,
BOSS! THE
COPS WILL
SNAP UP
THE MISTAKEN
IDENTITY
GAG!



LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN
A BARREL. AND NOT A
WITNESS IN SIGHT!



The following morning as Coach Bert McQuade reaches for the Sunday newspaper--

HEY, RICKY! GET
OUT OF BED!
WE'RE SEEING
ACTION
TODAY!



MATT WHEELER--MURDERED! POLICE
SAY HE WAS MISTAKEN
FOR BARNEY BURNS,
THE HOODLUM!

I WANT TO CHECK
WITH HEADQUARTERS,
TO MAKE SURE IT
WAS A MISTAKE.
**THEN WE'LL JOIN
THE MANHUNT!**



YES, INSPECTOR. NOT
A SINGLE CLUE, HUH?
BUT THE DUSTIN GANG
WAS OUT TO GET BURNS--
YOU'RE SURE OF THAT!
OKAY, THANKS.

STEVE DUSTIN
IS A VERY
TOUGH CUSTOMER.
LET'S GET
BUSY!

With lightning speed, the coach and his kid brother take off on the grim manhunt as Dynamic Man and Dynamic Boy --

THE POLICE QUESTIONED DUSTIN AND RELEASED HIM FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE!

WE'LL GET THE GOODS ON HIM IF HE'S GUILTY!



BREAK OUT THE ARTILLERY, STEVE! DYNAMIC MAN AND HIS KID ARE STREAKING ACROSS THE PARK!

YEAH? WE'LL TEACH THOSE JERKS TO KEEP THEIR NOSES CLEAN!



DON'T HIT 'EM, SKEETS! I JUST GOT A **NEW IDEA!**

IT BETTER BE GOOD. THOSE BABIES MEAN BUSINESS!



THEY'LL LOOK FOR US OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOF TERRACE.

HERE'S OUR CHANCE! LET'S MAKE A RUSH FOR THE **PENTHOUSE!**



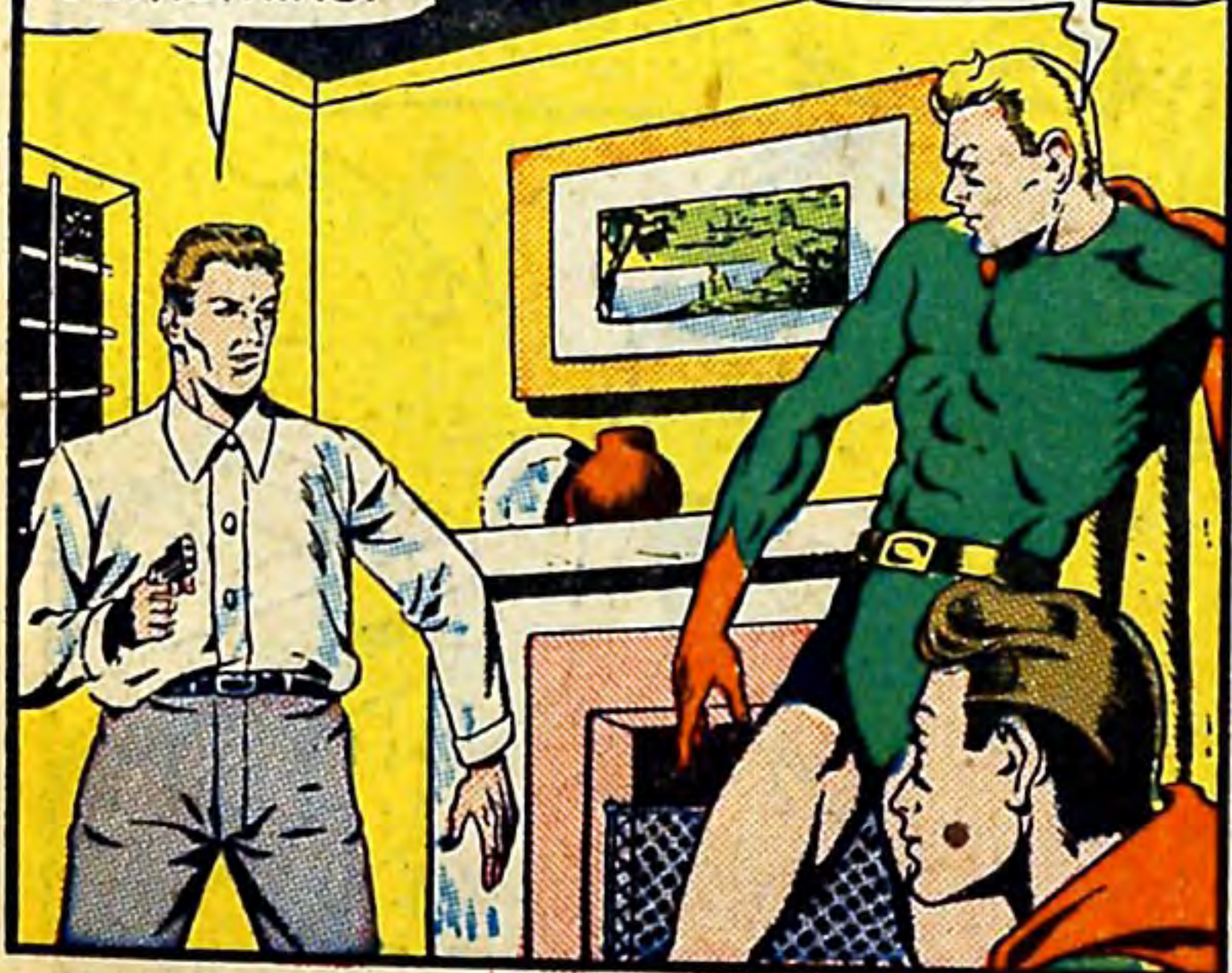
THERE'S STEVE DUSTIN! WHERE'S THE OTHER GUY?

NEVER MIND! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE!



OKAY, PUNKS! RAISE YOUR MITTS AND BACK AGAINST THE WALL! STEVE WANTS TO CHIN WITH YUH ABOUT SOMETHING!

WHA--!
OKAY!
LET'S PLAY ALONG, RICKY!



YOU CAME HERE TO ASK ABOUT **WHEELER**-- RIGHT? WELL, WISEGUYS-- IT'S JUST LIKE I TOLD THE COPPER. **NONE OF MY MEN GUNNED HIM!**

WHO ELSE WANTED BARNEY BURNS IN A COFFIN? **WHEELER AND BURNS WERE ALIKE AS TWO PEAS IN A POD!**



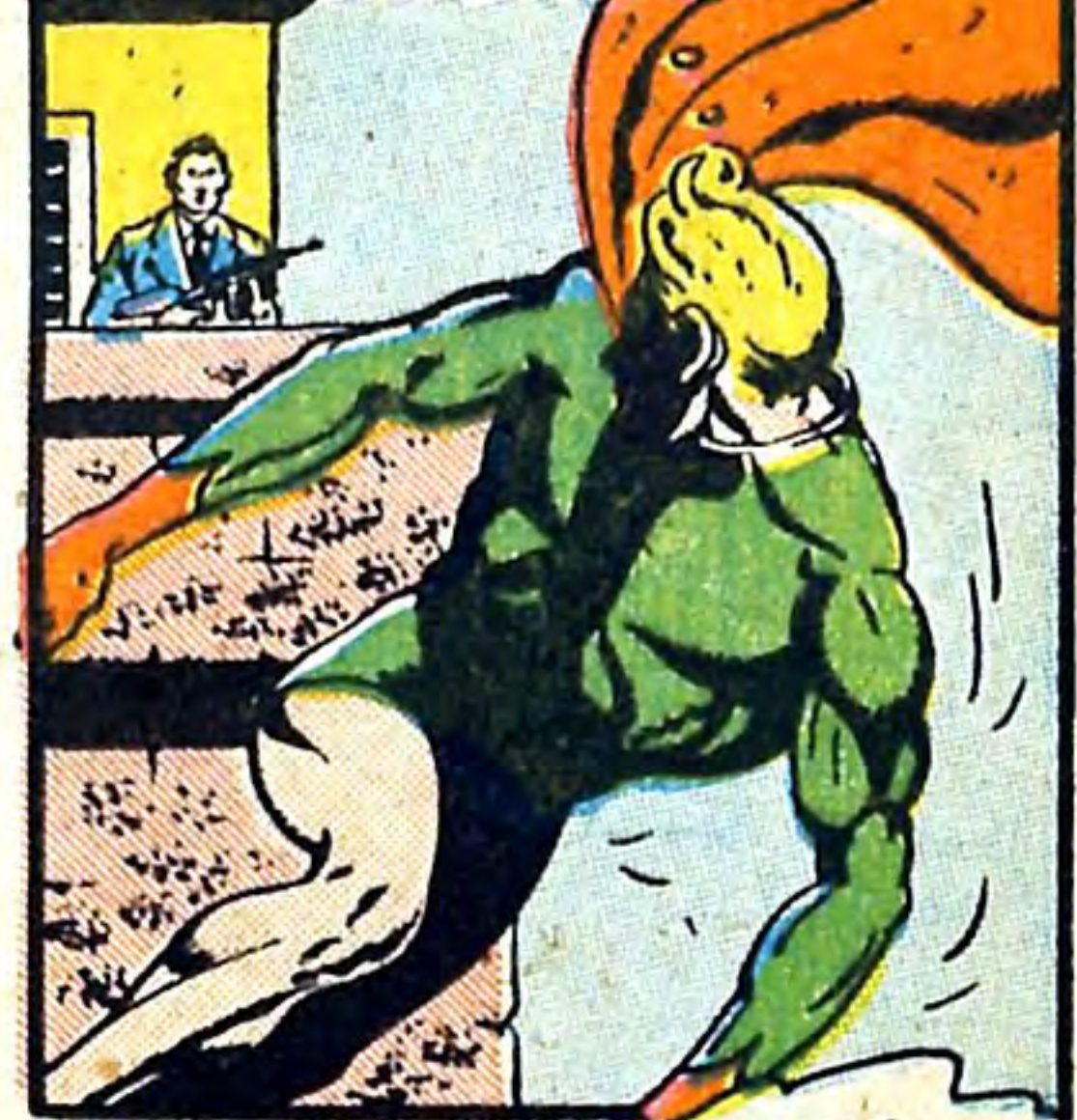
THAT'S THE POINT! I'M HOLDING YOUR KID AS HOSTAGE UNTIL YOU FIND OUT WHO RUBBED OUT WHEELER!

I SEE! YOU FIGURE THAT MAYBE THE KILLER WILL TURN THE HEAT ON YOU NEXT!

YOU-- YOU'RE NOT TAKING HIM UP ON IT-- LEAVING ME AT THEIR MERCY?

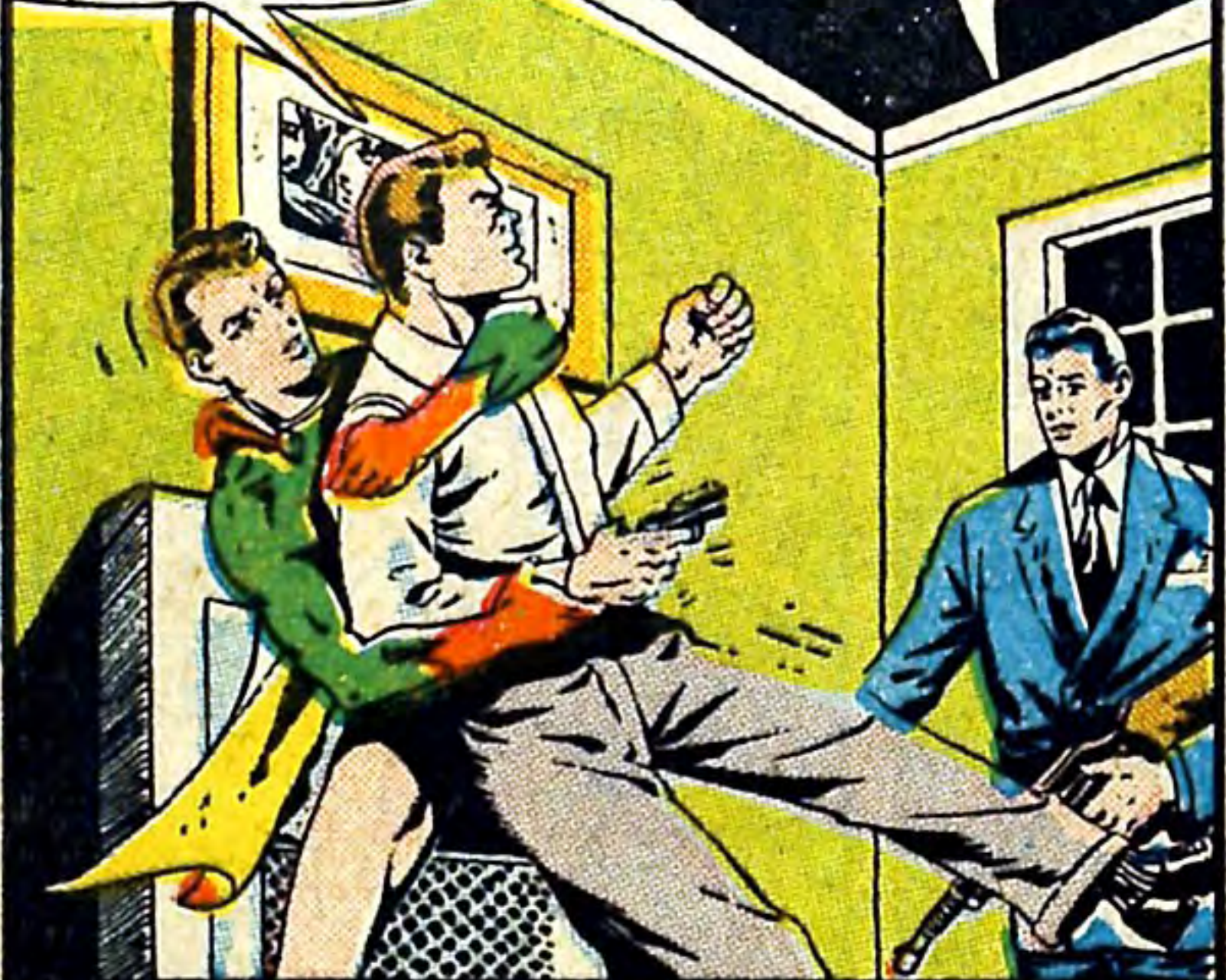
THEY'VE GOT THE UPPER HAND, RICKY! DUSTIN, HERE, WOULD KILL US WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST HESITATION!

RICKY PUT ON A SWELL ACT. THE INSTANT THEY ARE OFF GUARD, HE'LL TIE 'EM IN KNOTS AND BREAK OUT OF THERE!



CRIPES, STEVE! HE HAD TEARS IN HIS EYES WHEN I TURNED MY BACK!

THE CROCODILE VARIETY, MY FRIEND!



DROP THAT CHOPPER, DUSTIN! SKEETS CAN'T DROP HIS ROD, AND I CAN PUT THE SQUEEZE ON HIS TRIGGER FINGER!



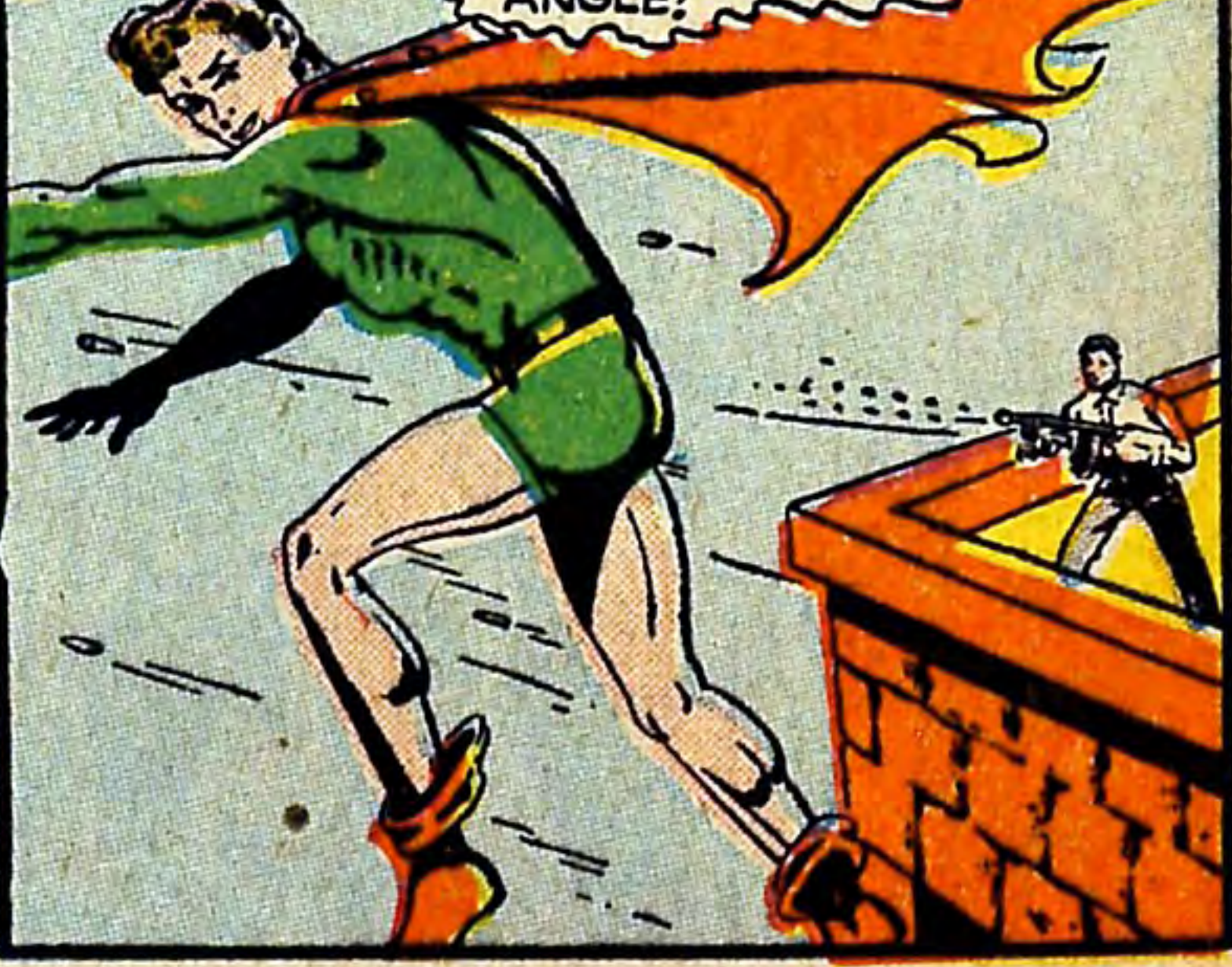
DON'T STAND THERE LIKE A DUMMY, SKEETS! THROW HIM OFF!

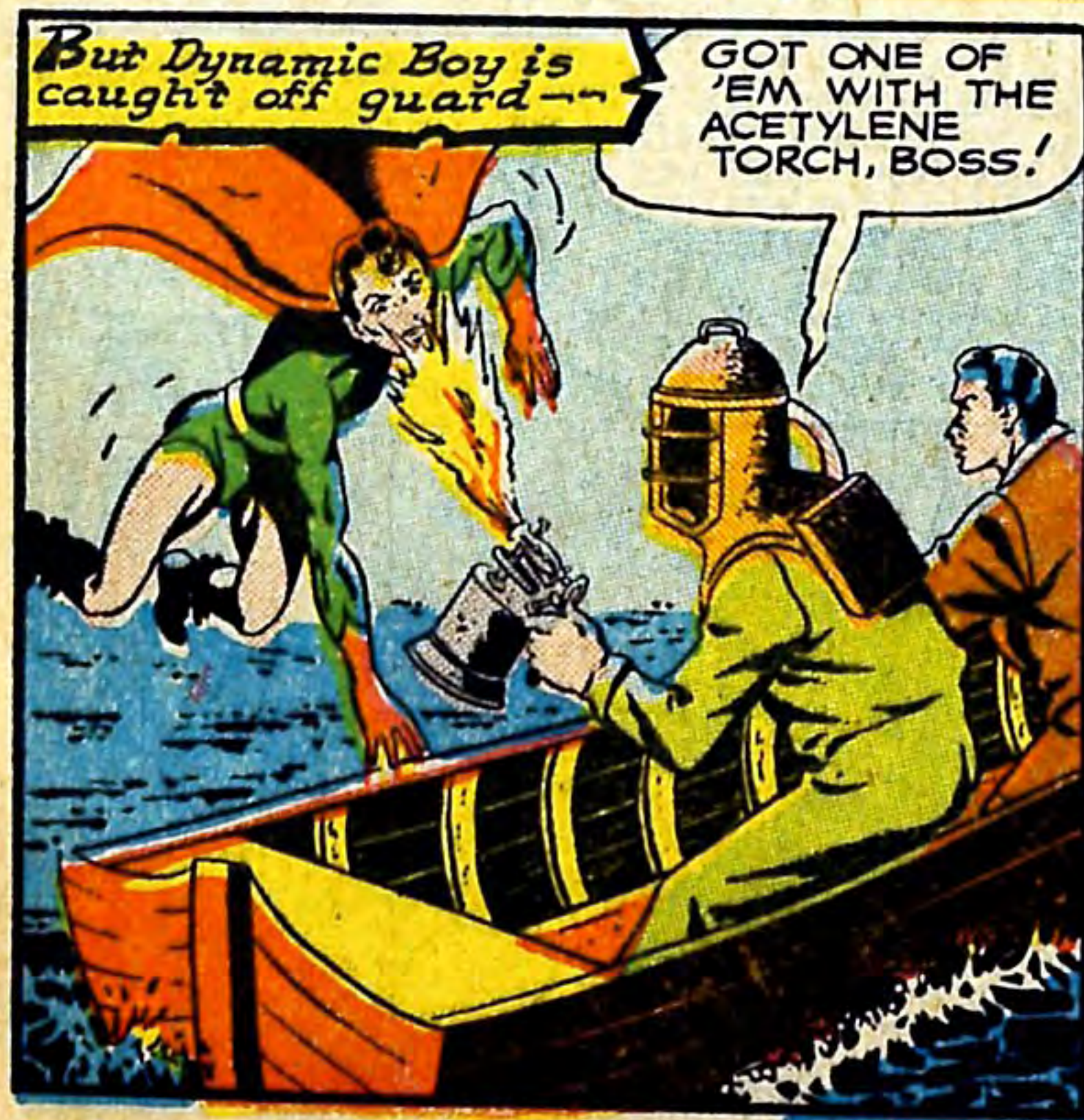
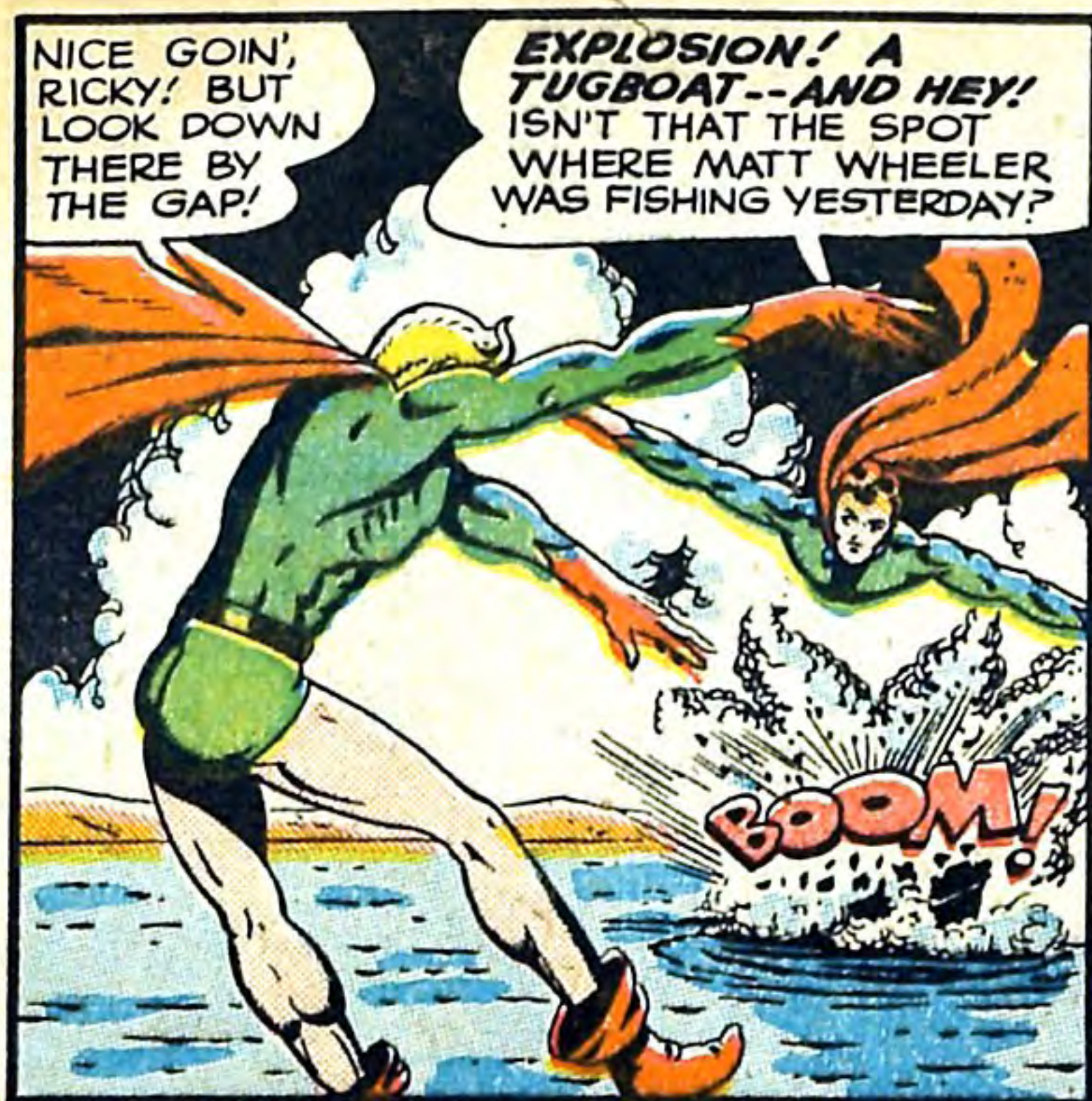
I TOLD YOU I COULD DO IT, DUSTIN! NOW GET AWAY FROM THAT TOMMY GUN!

EEEOW! YOU BUSTED MY ELBOW! YOU'LL GET IT FOR THIS!



SKEETS COULDN'T HIT A FLOCK OF SITTING DUCKS WITH THAT KIND OF SHOOTING! NOW I WONDER WHAT'S DYNAMIC MAN'S ANGLE!







THE FLAME IS GOING TO CUT HIS AIR HOSE AND SEAL HIS DOOM!



RICKY WASTED NO TIME ONCE HE UNTANGLED HIMSELF. HE'S GOT A HANDFUL OF OLD GOLD COINS!

THIS OUGHT TO PROVE WHAT MATT WHEELER FOUND WHEN HE WAS FISHING YESTERDAY.. **AND PROVE WHO KILLED HIM!**



GROOTY MUFFED THE JOB DOWN THERE, BUT I'LL FINISH OFF THIS SNOOPER!



NOT SO FAST, MISTER! YOU NEED A COOLING OFF PERIOD BEFORE WE TURN YOU IN FOR **MURDER!**



HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO FIRED THAT GUN?

COME ON OVER, OFFICER! WE'VE GOT A CLIENT FOR THE **ELECTRIC CHAIR!**



MATT WHEELER ENGAGED YOU TO SALVAGE THE GOLD FROM THAT OLD HULK HE DISCOVERED. BUT YOU WERE GREEDY. TEN PERCENT WASN'T ENOUGH-- SO YOU OR ONE OF YOUR CREW KILLED WHEELER!

WELL, I'LL BE--! AN' ALL ALONG, HEADQUARTERS WAS POSITIVE STEVE DUSTIN BUMPED OFF THE WRONG GUY!

THE

ECHO

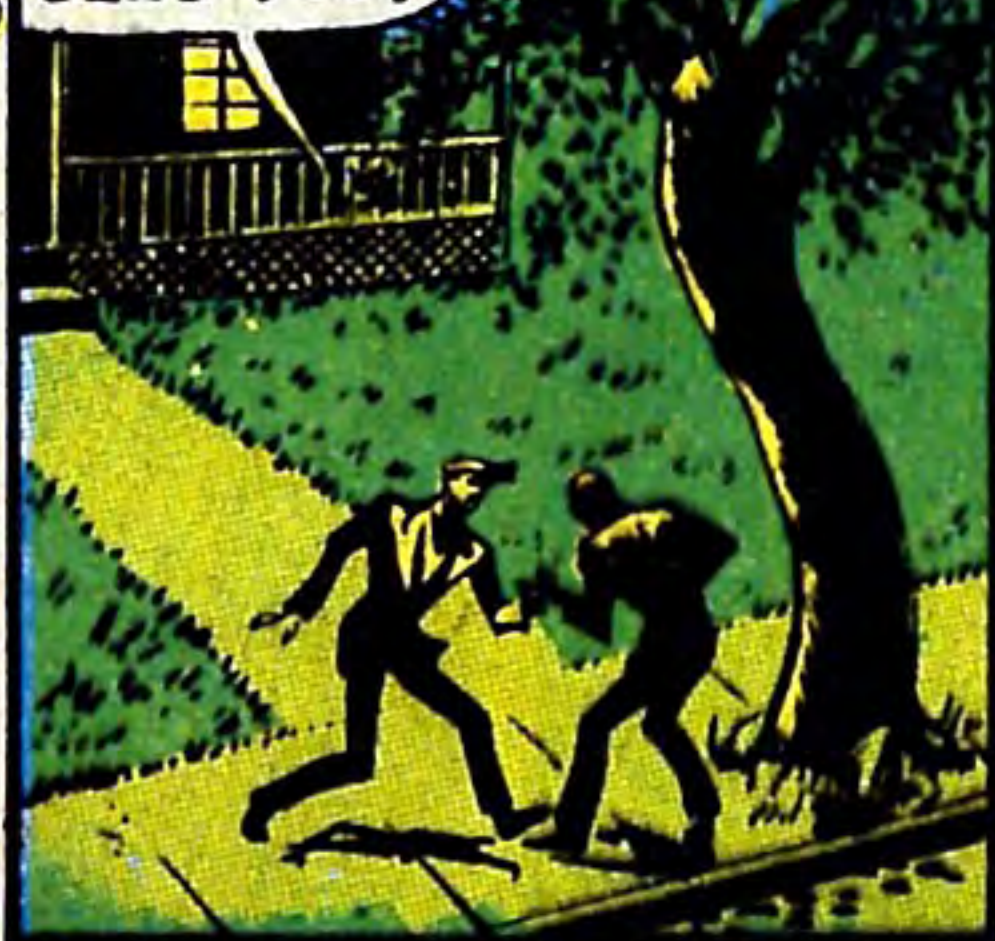


Terror stalked through Seaboard City and struck too close to "The Echo's" heart. A grim fate awaited his sister, and he held only a slim hope with the curious clue found by his brother-- the mysterious Dr. Doom. Could "The Echo's" amazing power of ventriloquism baffle the shrewd, vicious brain of a notorious killer? That was the desperate risk "The Echo" had to take!

Late one night outside Dr. Doom's home--

DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH THIS ONE-- WALTHER. SLUG HIM BEFORE HE SEES YOU!

RIGHT, M'SIEU BALLIN. WAIT HERE IN THE SHADOWS!



THIS ONE WILL GIVE ME NO TROUBLE. HE IS SMALL AND HUNCHBACKED!





THIS WILL KEEP YOU-- **WHA--?**
THIS IS A **DUMMY!**



PRECISELY! YOU SEE I WAS EXPECTING A VISIT FROM YOUR DOPE FRIENDS. **TURN AROUND WITH YOUR HANDS UP!**

ALL RIGHT, DR. DOOM. BUT WATCH YOUR STEP. I'M NOT ALONE!



YOU'RE ONE OF THE MOB THAT HAS ASSAULTED OR KILLED AT LEAST A DOZEN PHYSICIANS TO ROB THEM OF THEIR VALUABLE DRUGS!

YEAH? GO AHEAD AND CALL THE POLICE. BEFORE THEY REACH HERE, I'LL HAVE TAKEN YOUR DRUGS--AND YOU'LL BE DEAD!

WHO WAS THAT?

MY COMPANION DEALS HARSHLY WITH SNOOPERS ESPECIALLY WOMEN!

EEEE!



As Dr. Doom is drawn off guard for an instant, Walther streaks through an inner door--

COME BACK HERE, YOU! I'LL SHOOT TO KILL!

YOU'D BETTER TRY TO SAVE THE LADY FIRST, DOCTOR!
HA-HA-HA!



STOP STRUGGLING OR I'LL STRANGLE YOU! YOUR SCREAM WARNED DR. DOOM OF DANGER!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THAT GIRL, YOU COWARD--OR I'LL PUT A BULLET THROUGH YOUR HEAD!

THE ECHO MUST'VE FOLLOWED ME BUT I CAN'T SEE WHERE HE'S HIDING!



RIGHT NOW I COULD USE
MY GUN MORE EFFECTIVELY
THAN BLUFF! WELL,
HERE GOES!



WHA--!
GO EASY
WITH THAT
TOAD STABBER,
MY FRIEND!

HUGO!
QUICK!
I MISSED
HIM!!



AND YOU'RE GOING
TO MISS A FEW
TEETH BEFORE
**I'M THROUGH
WITH YOU!**

AK-OH!



DROP THAT
PIG STICKER,
MISTER, OR I'LL
WHITTLE YOU
DOWN TO
NOTHING!

THAT BIRD'S
GONNA
NEED SOME
BANDAGES
AFTER I
FIX HIM!



**YOU WEREN'T
INVITED TO
THIS PARTY,
CHUMP!
SLEEP
IT OFF!**

OOOH!
THAT
MUST'VE
FRACTURED
THE ECHO'S
SKULL!



THANKS, HUGO. BUT
WHAT ARE YOU
HOLDING THE
DAME FOR?

I CAUGHT HER
SPYING ON US!
SHE WASN'T JUST
PASSING BY LIKE
THAT NOSEY CHARACTER.



SHE'S DR. DOOM'S
ASSISTANT, I
FIGURE. WE CAN
MAKE HIM PAY
OFF TO GET HER
BACK ALIVE!

DOOM WAS
EXPECTING A CALL
FROM US. HE TRIED
TO TRAP ME WITH
A DUMMY. **WE'D
BETTER GET
MOVING!**



THEY DRAGGED CORA TO A CAR AND DROVE OFF, DOC. WHO WERE THEY?

THE NARCOTIC ROBBERS. COME BACK TO THE HOUSE WITH ME, ECHO!



THEY ABDUCTED CORA FOR A REASON! DID YOU NOTIFY THE POLICE?

NO, ECHO. WE CAN HANDLE THIS BETTER ALONE. I HAVE A CLUE, AND I'M SURE THEY'LL CONTACT US BY TELEPHONE!



THIS SAP IS OF GOATSKIN AND LOADED WITH SAND, THE TYPE USED IN FRANCE.

HMMM! THEN PERHAPS THEY WERE FRENCH-- AND CAN BE FOUND IN THE FRENCH QUARTER OF THE CITY.

PRECISELY. AND IT DOVETAILS WITH ANOTHER ANGLE. DOPE BRINGS A HIGHER PRICE TODAY IN THE FRENCH UNDERWORLD THAN IN AMERICA!

RIGHT! THIS MAY BE THEM CALLING YOU NOW!



THEY WON'T RELEASE ME UNLESS YOU LEAVE A THOUSAND SYRETTES OF MORPHINE IN A PACKAGE MARKED FOR MR. PAUL GREY AT IVES DRUGSTORE TOMORROW NIGHT!



HEAR THAT? A THOUSAND SYRETTES WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO OBTAIN-- EVEN WITH YOUR CONNECTIONS, DOC! WHAT SHALL WE DO?

YOU COMB THE FRENCH QUARTER! I'LL LEAVE A PACKAGE THAT WILL TRAP THEM!



Late the following night--

DR. DOOM LEFT THE PACKAGE, HUGO! SHALL I OPEN IT?

NO. I'LL TAKE IT OUTSIDE AND TEST IT FOR GIMMICKS FIRST!





WHEW!
THAT SMELLS
LIKE
MUSTARD GAS!

JUST AS WE CAME
AROUND THE CORNER,
A MAN ACROSS THE
STREET THREW IT!



**WHAT'S WRONG
BACK THERE?**

SOME JERK CAME
OUT OF THE CELLAR
BELOW THE BARBERSHOP
AND THREW A GAS
BOMB AT US!



THIS COMMOTION
WILL CARRY MY
QUARRY OUT OF
SIGHT! I'LL GAIN
ENTRANCE FROM
ABOVE THROUGH
THE BARBERSHOP!



HUGO! I THINK I
HEARD GLASS BREAK
UPSTAIRS. DID
ANYONE SEE YOU
DUCK IN THROUGH
THE BASEMENT DOOR?

YOU'RE
DREAMIN',
WALTHER.
I'M GONNA
MAKE THIS
DAME TELL
US DR.
DOOM'S
SECRETS!

NO! DON'T!
I'M JUST ONE
OF DR. DOOM'S
PATIENTS. HE
WON'T PAY
RANSOM
FOR MY
RELEASE!

**YOU'RE
LYING!**
HE HOPED
TO TRAP
US WITH
THAT GAS!
IF WE'D HAVE
OPENED IT IN
HERE, WE'D
HAVE HAD TO
SEEK MEDICAL
TREATMENT!



AND HE WARNED EVERY
DOCTOR AND HOSPITAL
TO NOTIFY HIM IF MUSTARD
GAS VICTIMS SHOWED UP!
**I'LL MAKE YOU
TALK, BABY!**



A WHITE HOT POKER
WILL MAKE YOU TELL
US HOW TO GET WHAT
WE WANT FROM DR.
DOOM. WE'RE TIRED OF
SNATCHING SMALL
QUANTITIES FROM
PHYSICIANS!

BUT I DON'T
KNOW-- I
**CAN'T IMAGINE
HOW!**



BURN, WITCH, BURN!
DARE YOU TO TOUCH
THE FAIR LADY'S SKIN
AND YOUR SOUL
SHALL SUFFER
THE TORTURES
OF SATAN!

THAT VOICE'S
COMING OUTTA
THE FIRE! IT--IT
CAN'T BE! I'M
GETTIN' OUTTA
HERE!



MY VOICE THREW A
SCARE INTO ONE OF
'EM--AND I CAN USE
HIM FOR A SHIELD!



PSST, PAL!
REMEMBER ME?
I'M THE GUY
WHO KNOCKED
YOUR **TEETH**
OUT!

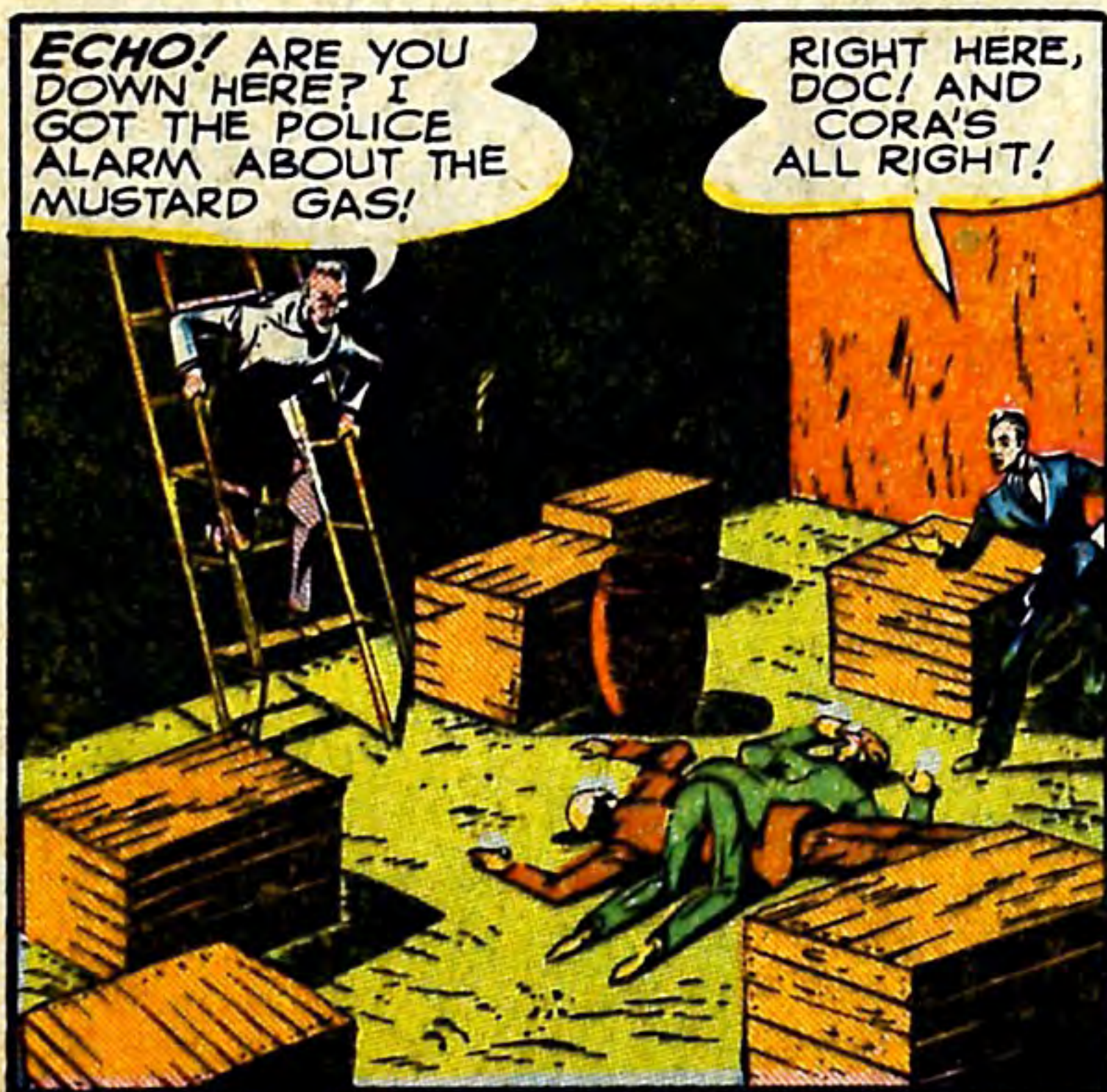
**MMN--
OW!**

OKAY, MEN!
WE'VE GOT
ALL EXITS
BLOCKED!
SHOOT HIM
IF HE GOES
FOR HIS GUN!

POLICE! BUT
THEY WONT
TAKE ME
WITHOUT A
BATTLE! I'LL
SHOOT IT
OUT WITH 'EM!

I'LL LET
YOU SHOOT
ONCE-- TO
HIT WALTHER!

**YOU! THE
POLICE
AREN'T
HERE!**
THAT FOOL
WALTHER
MADE ME--
AAAIE!



**ECHO! ARE YOU
DOWN HERE? I
GOT THE POLICE
ALARM ABOUT THE
MUSTARD GAS!**

RIGHT HERE,
DOC! AND
CORA'S
ALL RIGHT!



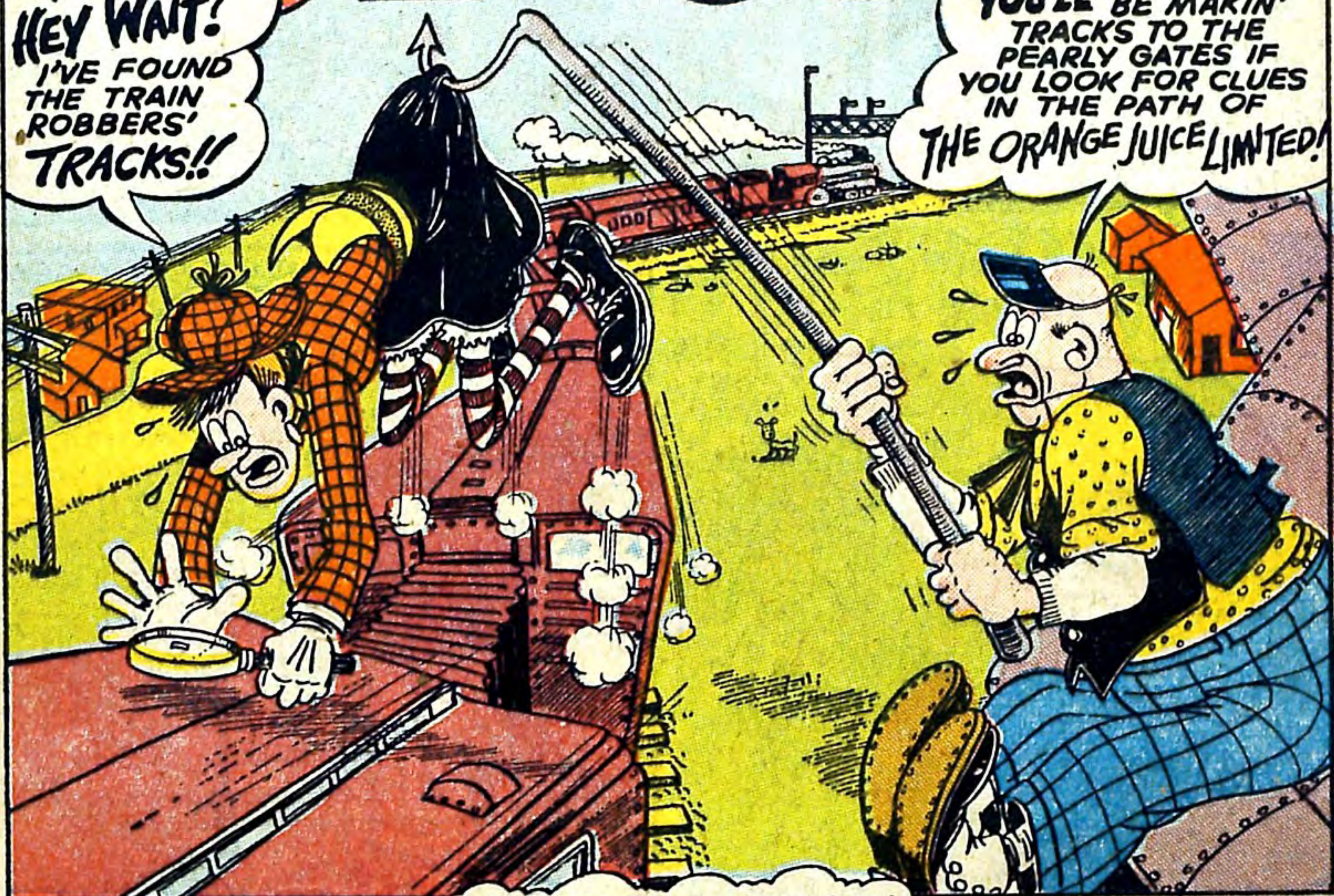
HERE'S THEIR
CACHE OF
NARCOTICS. I'LL
LEAVE THEM FOR
YOU TO RETURN
TO THE RIGHTFUL
OWNERS, DOC!

THAT'S MORE THAN
YOU CAN DO WITH
THOSE TWO CORPSES,
ECHO. I DOUBT IF
THEIR OWN MOTHERS
WOULD CLAIM
THEIR BODIES!

IMA SLOOTH

HEY WAIT!
I'VE FOUND
THE TRAIN
ROBBERS'
TRACKS!!

YOU'LL BE MAKIN'
TRACKS TO THE
PEARLY GATES IF
YOU LOOK FOR CLUES
IN THE PATH OF
THE ORANGE JUICE LIMITED!

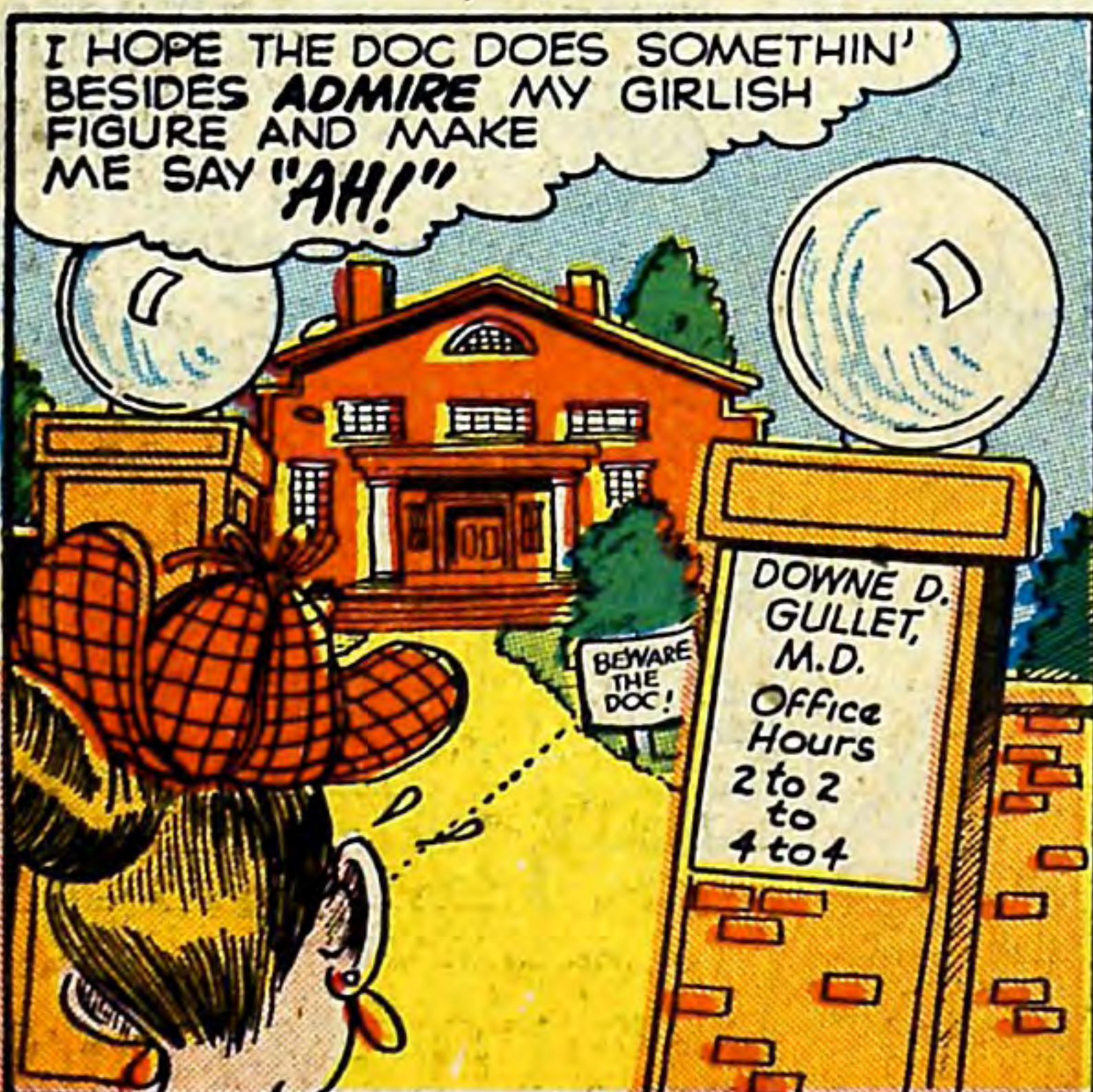
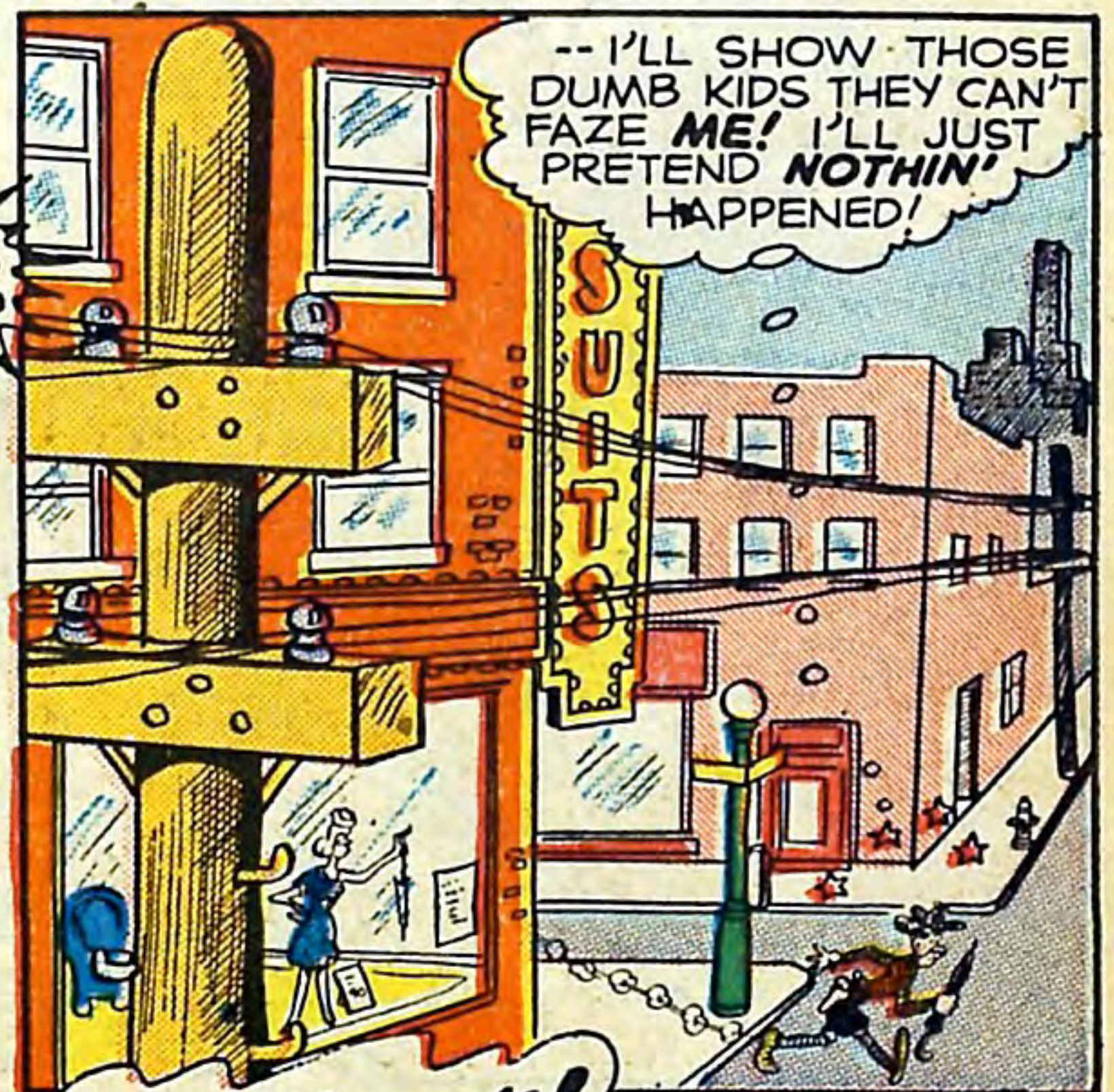


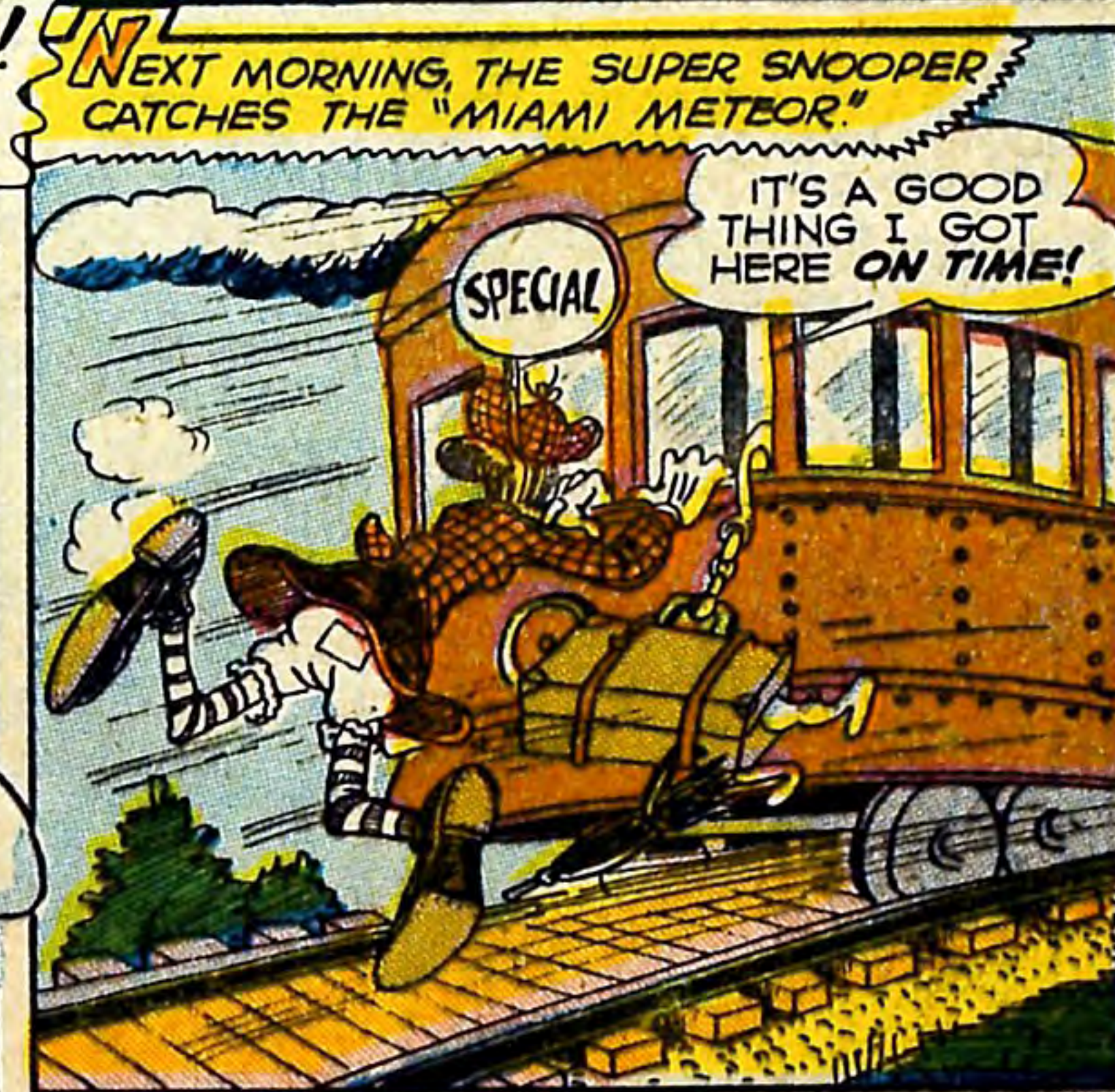
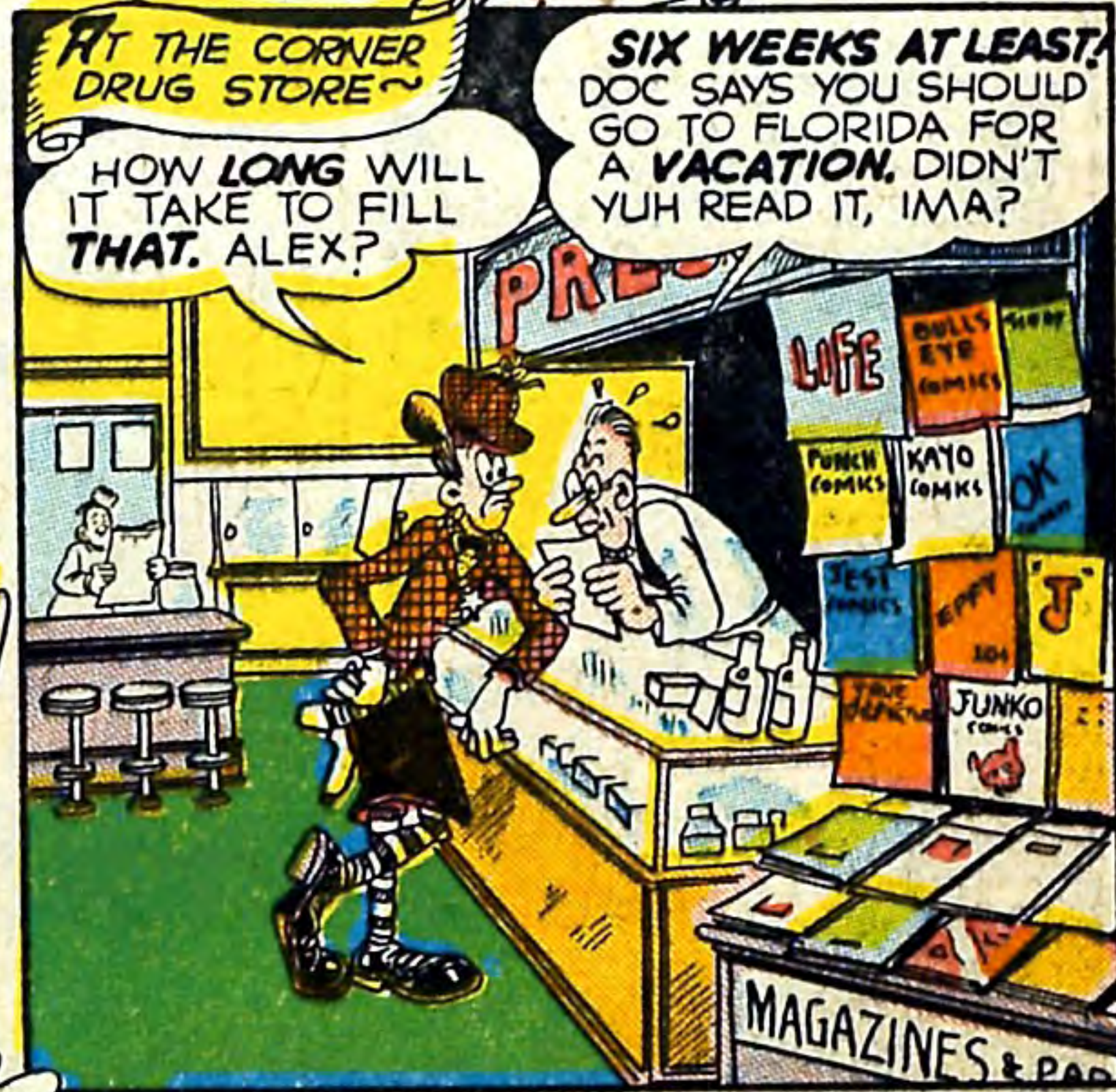
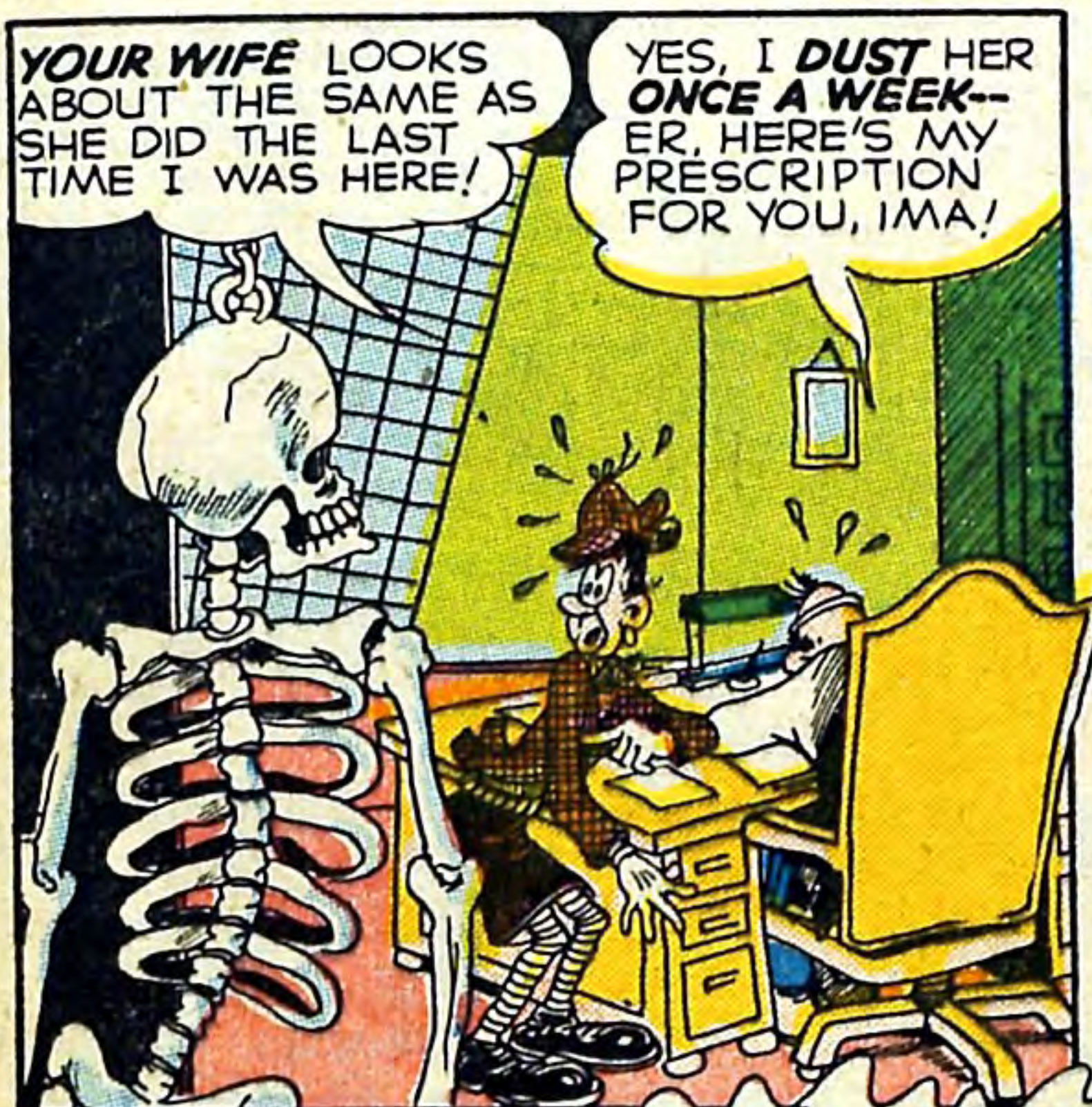
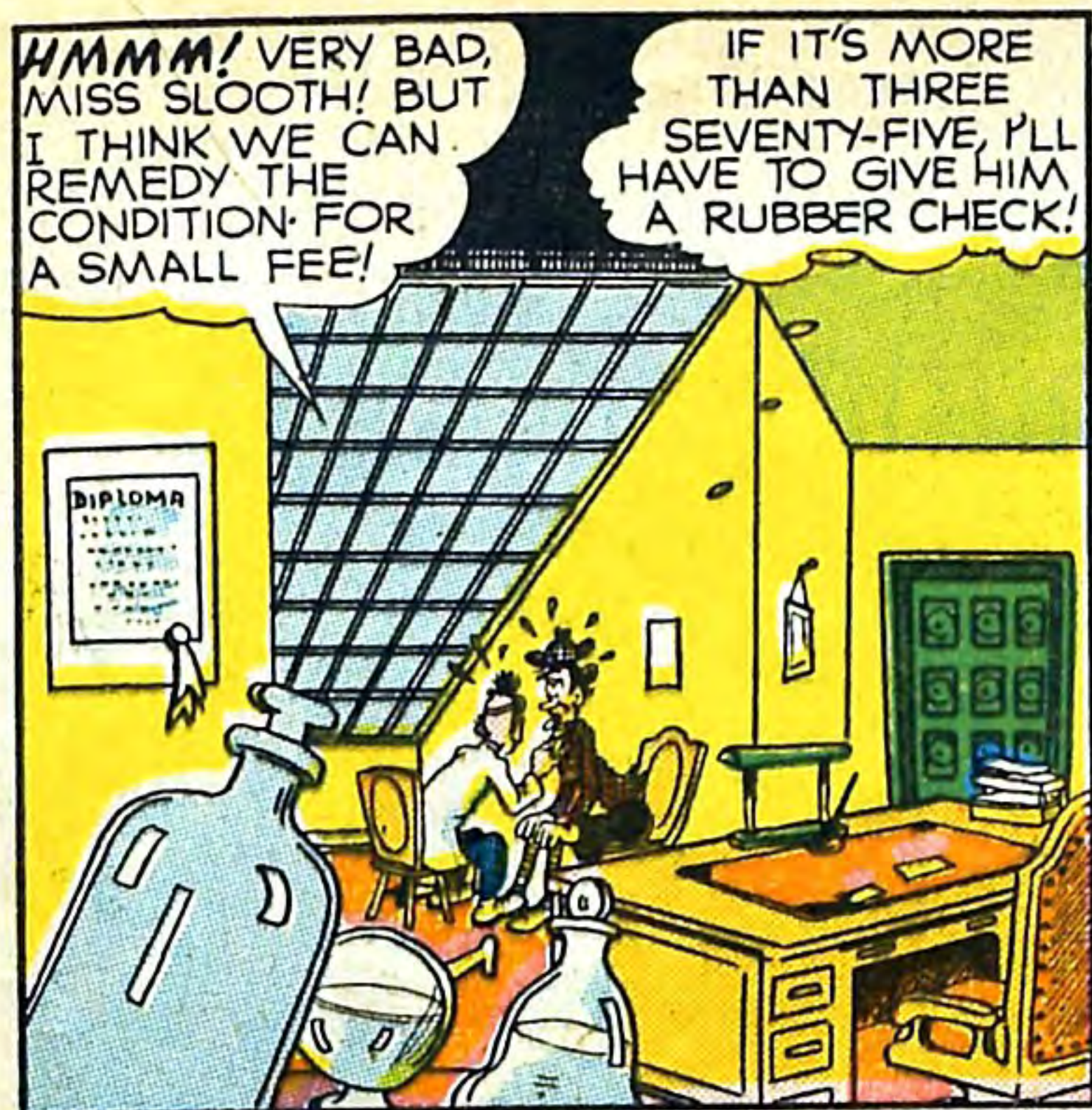
DO I GET THE **BUM BREAKS!** WITH ALL THE BIG SHOT CROOKS VACATIONING IN FLORIDA, A **SUPER SNOOPER** LIKE ME DON'T GET ENOUGH BUSINESS TO **BOTHER WITH!**

AN' IF I TAKE ANY MORE (BURP!) BICARBONATE OF SODA (BURP!) THE FIRE DEPARTMENT CAN USE ME FOR AN EXTINGUISHER! GUESS I'D (BURP) BETTER GO (BURP) SEE OLD DOC GULLET! (BURP!)

BLACKJACK BURNS AND **MUGGSY MITCHELL** ARE BASKING BENEATH THE PALM TREES WHEN THEY SHOULD BE IN THE CLINK! **THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE!**





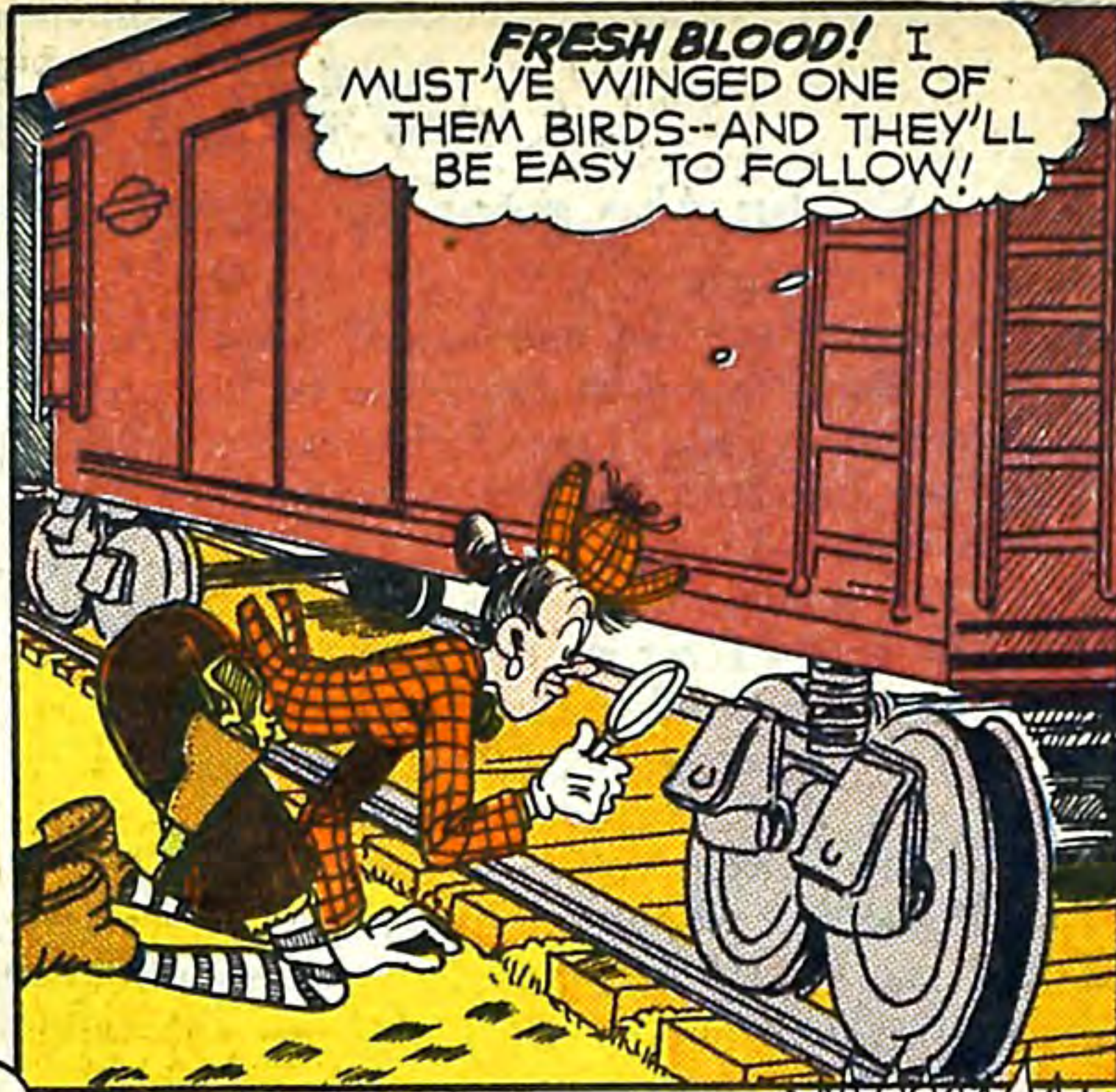




DON'T **WAIT** FOR ME, CASEY JONES. MAYBE I'LL HAVE TO CHASE THESE CROOKS ACROSS **THREE COUNTIES!**

NO! LOOK! THEY'RE HOOKIN' INTO A FREIGHT DOWN ON THE SIDING! SIC 'EM, SISTER!

BANG BANG



FRESH BLOOD! I MUST'VE WINGED ONE OF THEM BIRDS--AND THEY'LL BE EASY TO FOLLOW!



DUCK IN HERE, **QUICK, RUSTY!** IT'S THAT SUPER SNOOPER--**IMA SLOOTH!**

GIMME A HAND--**DRIPPY!** SHE SHOT OFF MY BIG TOE!

GET OUT OF THIS FREIGHT YARD, YOU LUNATIC!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, VAN HEUSEN! I WANT THIS CAR RE-ROUTED TO THE FEDERAL COOLER IN ATLANTA!

WHEN'S THE NEXT TRAIN FOR MIAMI DUE, BUD?

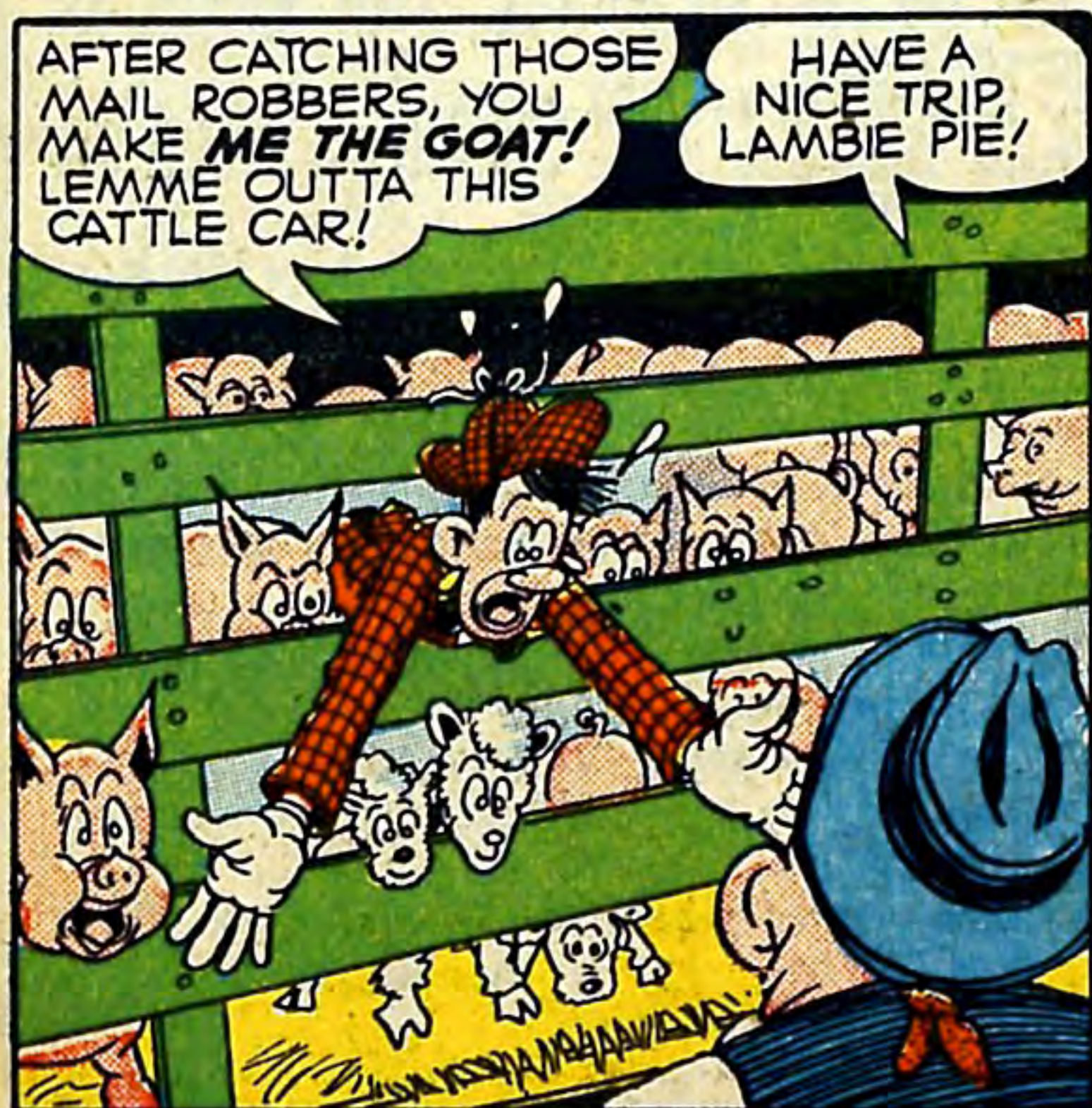
I **TOLD** YOU IMA SLOOTH WAS A **RED HOT** DETECTIVE! **BRRRRR! IT'S COLD HERE!**

THE ORANGE JUICE LIMITED COMES ALONG IN AN HOUR! BUT IT DON'T STOP **HERE!** MAYBE I CAN FIX YOU UP! **C'MON!**



SLAM

REFRIGERATOR



AFTER CATCHING THOSE MAIL ROBBERS, YOU MAKE **ME THE GOAT!** LEMME OUTTA THIS CATTLE CAR!

HAVE A NICE TRIP, LAMBIE PIE!



AS THE FREIGHT TRAIN ROLLS SOUTH~

GUESS THE DOC WAS RIGHT WHEN HE SAID I NEEDED A VACATION. AND WHEN I GET TO MIAMI, I'M TAKING A BATH EVEN I CAN'T **GET A ROOM WITH IT!**

Zzz Zzzz

VULTURE BAIT

When the greedy gather at a graveyard there's trouble

Even before she had seated herself across from Ben Nelson in the office of his private detective agency, Joan Smith was fumbling in her bag and Nelson saw that her hand was trembling.

"I'm scared, Ben," she murmured finally.

He reached across the desk and took the envelope she had drawn from her bag.

"You can trust me, Joan. You won't marry me, but that doesn't mean I'm not tickled to death to help you."

The envelope was addressed to her in letters cut from a magazine. He pulled out the letter. The words were pasted up the same way. Nelson whistled a soft exclamation as he read.

"Place \$50,000 in ten and twenties," the letter directed, "on the casket in Edith Graham's burial vault. Do this in broad daylight. Slip the vault key under the bottom of the door. Tell no one if you value your life."

"Which one of Miss Graham's relatives sent this?" he asked.

Joan Smith frowned for a moment before her lips moved. "Do you see that type of letter often in your business? You hardly looked at it."

"It's not a new gag, Joan," said Nelson. "And whom you suspect is more important."

She shuddered. "Any one of them, I guess. None ever showed up until they heard I inherited Edith Graham's estate. I was her secretary until she lost her money. Then I supported her until she died. I never knew anything was salvaged from her estate, so how could they?"

"Her cousin, Dana Dunn is heavily in debt from gambling. Her half brother, Fred Tanner, has served time for robbery. Her own brother, Willy, has been mixed up in a dozen barroom brawls. Take your choice."

Nelson nodded. "I've seen them around, Joan. I'd say it's a toss-up."

Joan sobbed, covered her face with her hands.

"Do as they say," Nelson advised. "If they had any brains they'd know \$50,000 in tens and twenties would create suspicion at any bank. Bundle some paper with currency on the outside. I'll be waiting at the graveyard."

The town clock clanged eight times just as he finished checking the automatic that he carried in a shoulder holster.

Crouching in the darkness, Nelson caught

his breath as he realized how close he had come to failure. Already a figure was stealing out of the vault. Nelson recognized him as Dunn.

Nelson gripped his gun and tiptoed into the open, but drew back when a shadow moved behind the vault. A man sprang out of the blackness and landed on Dunn's neck. Nelson could hear their heavy breathing as they thrashed on the damp ground. He saw a hand raise in silhouette and stab down. Dunn lay still and his assailant arose with the package Joan had planted in the vault.

"It's Graham," Ben Nelson told himself. "Tanner ought to show up next!"

Graham was running toward the spot where Nelson was crouched. Behind Graham streaked a thin flash as a gun with a silencer was fired. Graham stumbled and fell without uttering a sound.

Nelson sprang past Graham's body. "Get 'em up, Tanner," he snarled.

But Nelson knew enough to duck as the muffled gun barked again. Nelson snapped a quick shot, but the motion of ducking spoiled his aim. Tanner sprang upon him, grabbed Nelson by the throat and raised his gun arm in the air. Nelson moved his head as Tanner's gun came down. With a swift motion Nelson raised his knee, caught Tanner in the stomach. Tanner grunted and Nelson rolled him onto his back. One crack in the jaw was enough to knock out Tanner.

In Nelson's office Joan listened eagerly as he finished explaining. "So Graham's dead and the rest are in jail. Your worries are over, Joan!"

Joan Smith beamed happily. "You're swell, Ben. But—you never did tell me which one wrote the note."

Nelson grinned. "None of them did," he said. "I wrote it."

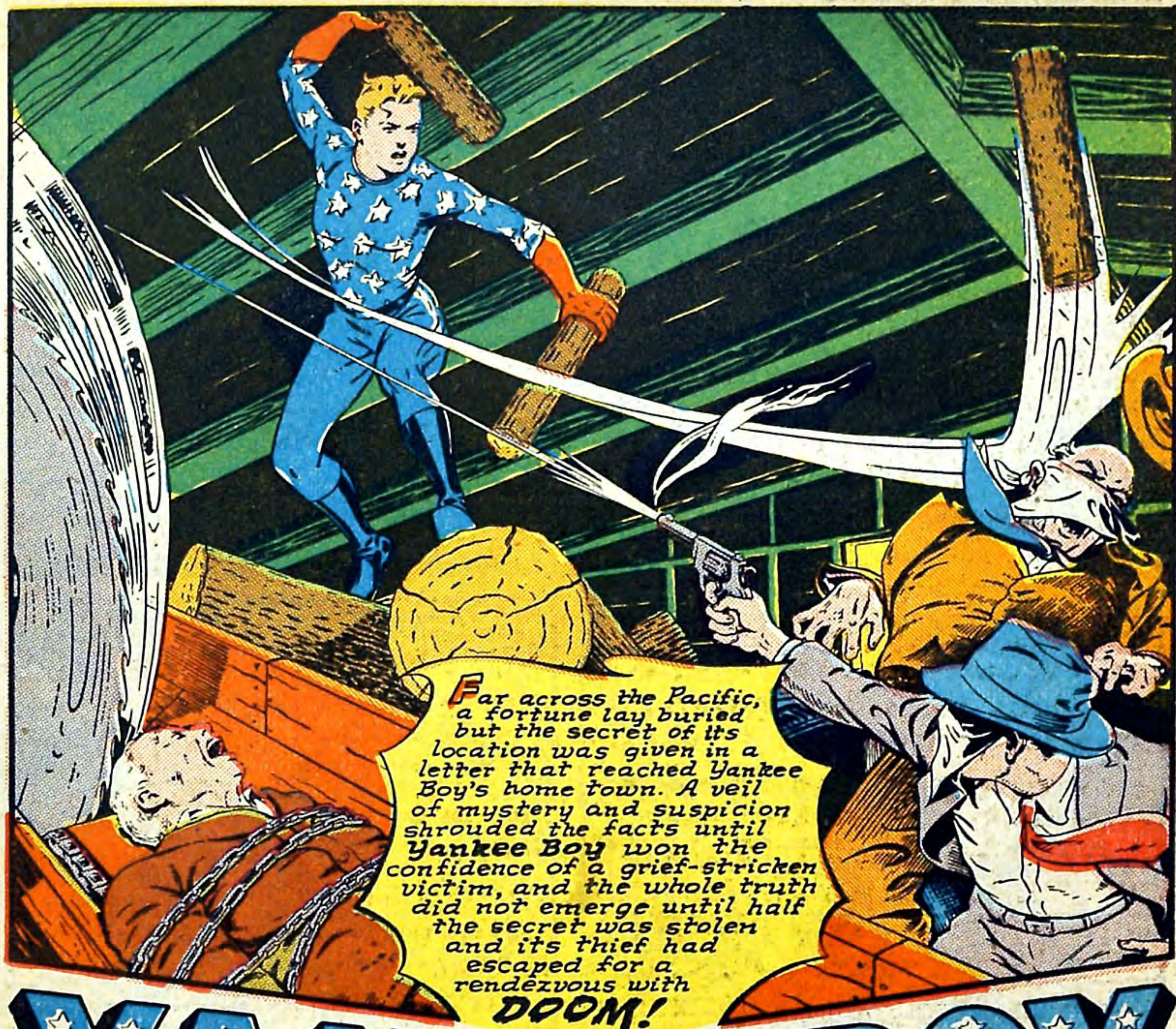
"You—?" Joan exclaimed, laughing. "But why?"

"I had seen all of them prowling in your mail box. I knew you hadn't a chance with those jackals after you."

Nelson waited a moment, then walked around his desk.

"Joan," he said, "If you weren't so rich, so out of my class, I'd ask you once more to marry me."

Joan's eyes sparkled as she took Ben's hand. "What's a few thousand? We won't let that interfere, Ben!"



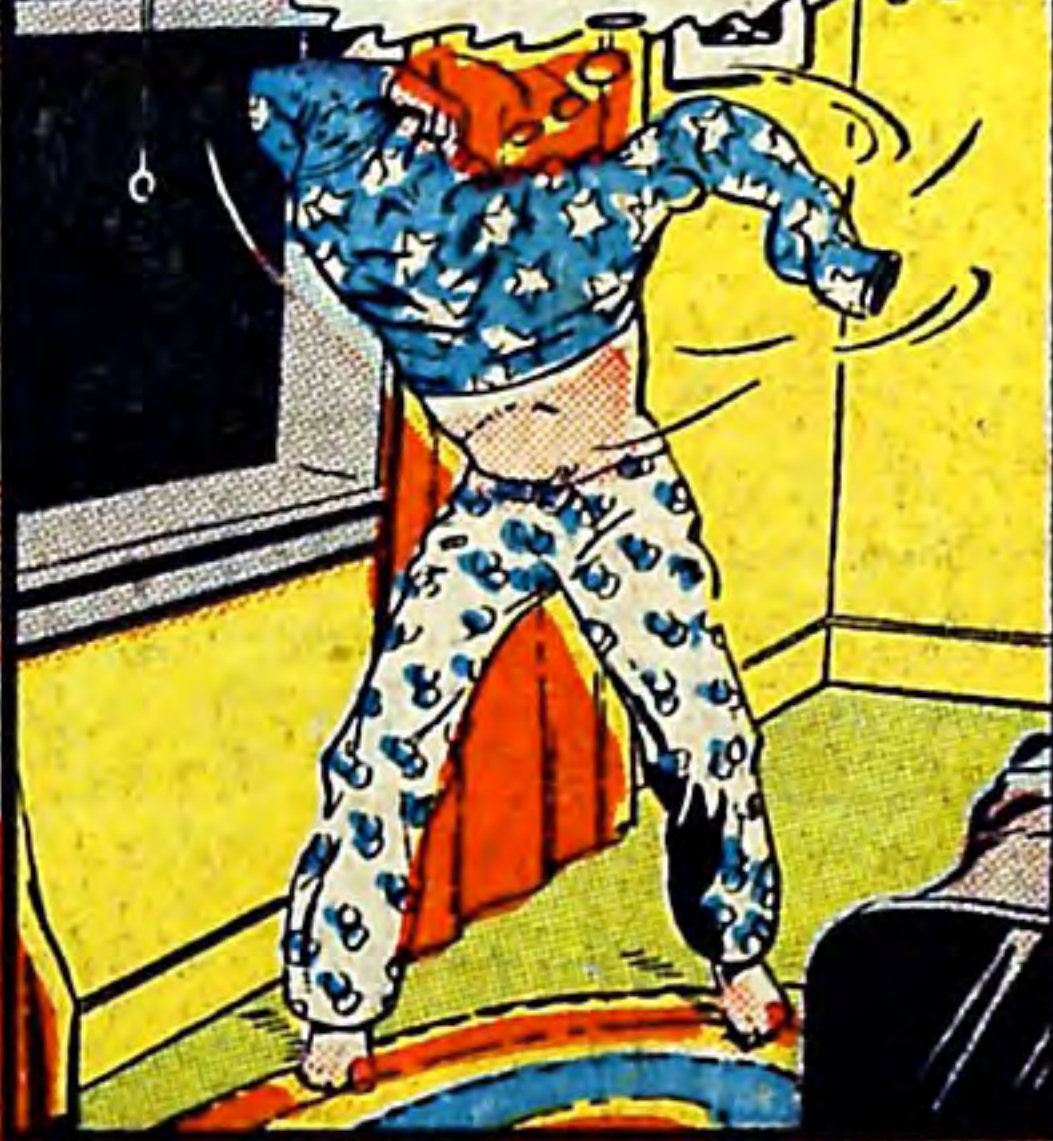
YANKEE BOY

The roar of a gun arouses Vic Martin a half hour past midnight--

THAT WASN'T A CAR BACKFIRING! I'M SURE IT WAS A SHOTGUN BLAST!



RUNNING FOOTSTEPS COMING DOWN THE SIDEWALK! MAYBE I CAN GIVE THE CASE A YANKEE BOY FINISH BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVE!



HERE COMES THE PROWLER. HE'S DESPERATE, SO HE'LL BE DANGEROUS!







DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM WHEN HE WAS TRYING TO JIMMY THE WINDOW, BUT I RECKON **HE'S** THE ONE.

YEAH, DUSTY RICE HAS A **BURGLARY RECORD**, MR. THOMAS. CALL THE MORGUE, RILEY.



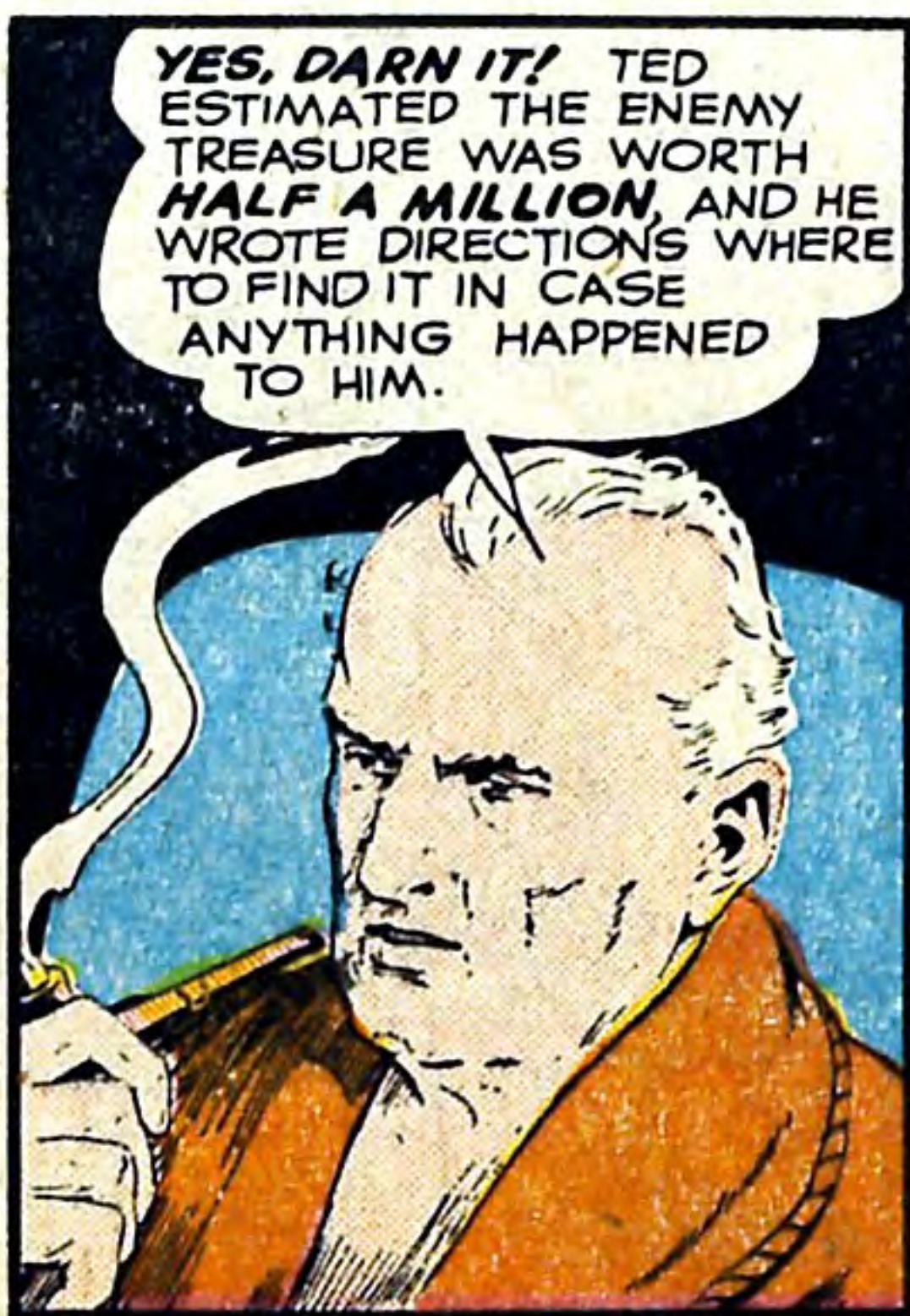
WHAT HAPPENED, MR. THOMAS? **I HEARD A SHOT!**

OH, HELLO. THAT YOU, VICTOR? SORT OF **LATE** FOR YOU TO BE UP, ISN'T IT? BUT COME INSIDE.



BEFORE TED WAS REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION, HE WROTE ME ABOUT A CACHE OF GOLD HE DISCOVERED IN BORNEO.

I SEE! YOU TOLD SOMEONE AND THE STORY **SPREAD!**



YES, DARN IT! TED ESTIMATED THE ENEMY TREASURE WAS WORTH **HALF A MILLION**, AND HE WROTE DIRECTIONS WHERE TO FIND IT IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HIM.



THE PROWLER WAS AFTER THE **LETTER**, HUH? YOU'D BETTER HIDE IT IN A **SAFE PLACE**, POP!

I'LL DO THAT-- VICTOR. AND MAKE A COPY.



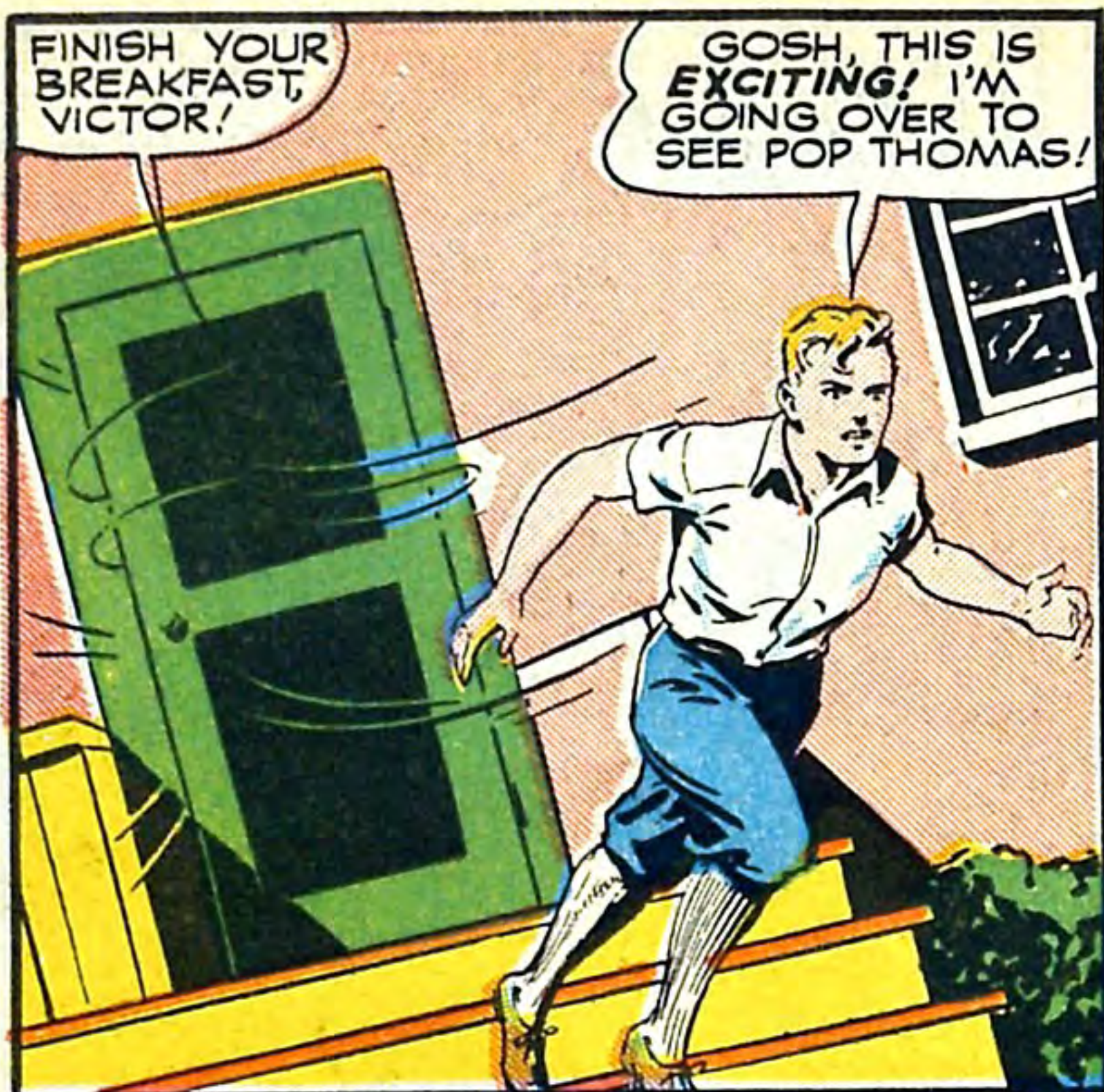
JUST A NEIGHBORHOOD KID. I'D BETTER TIP THE POLICE ABOUT **YANKEE BOY!**



At breakfast the following morning--

TODAY'S SATURDAY. NO SCHOOL. ANY ERRANDS, MOM?

NO, VIC! **SAY, LOOK HERE!** THE POLICE ARE HUNTING **YANKEE BOY!** HE DISAPPEARED AFTER **KILLING A MAN** DOWN THE STREET LAST NIGHT!



Ten minutes later, Tony Acosta drops his tools--

AH, NOW! POP'S GONE AND SKELLY IS READING A PAPER ON THE FRONT PORCH. I'LL GET THAT LETTER FROM HIS DESK!



WHAT TH--? TONY IS RACING OUT LIKE THE DEVIL WAS AFTER HIM! SAY-- I WONDER--



When Pop Thomas returns from the post office--

YES, TONY STOLE TED'S LETTER! TONY WAS A MERCHANT SEAMAN. BY HOOK OR CROOK, HE'LL GO TO BORNEO AND CLAIM THAT GOLD CACHE.

I'LL NOTIFY THE POLICE. MR. LARKIN WILL BE VERY UPSET, I'M SURE!



That night as Vic Martin sits on pop's porch--

WAIT! THE KID WILL BE LEAVING SOON!

LUCKY YOU REMEMBERED THAT POP IS TERRIFIED BY A BUZZ SAW. WATCHED HIS UNCLE KILLED BY ONE WHEN HE WAS A KID, HUH?



I CHANGED THE LOCATION WHEN I COPIED TED'S LETTER. TONY WILL FIND NOTHING BUT DEATH AWAITING HIM IN THOSE TROPICAL SWAMPS!

SERVES HIM RIGHT! WELL-- GOOD NIGHT, POP!



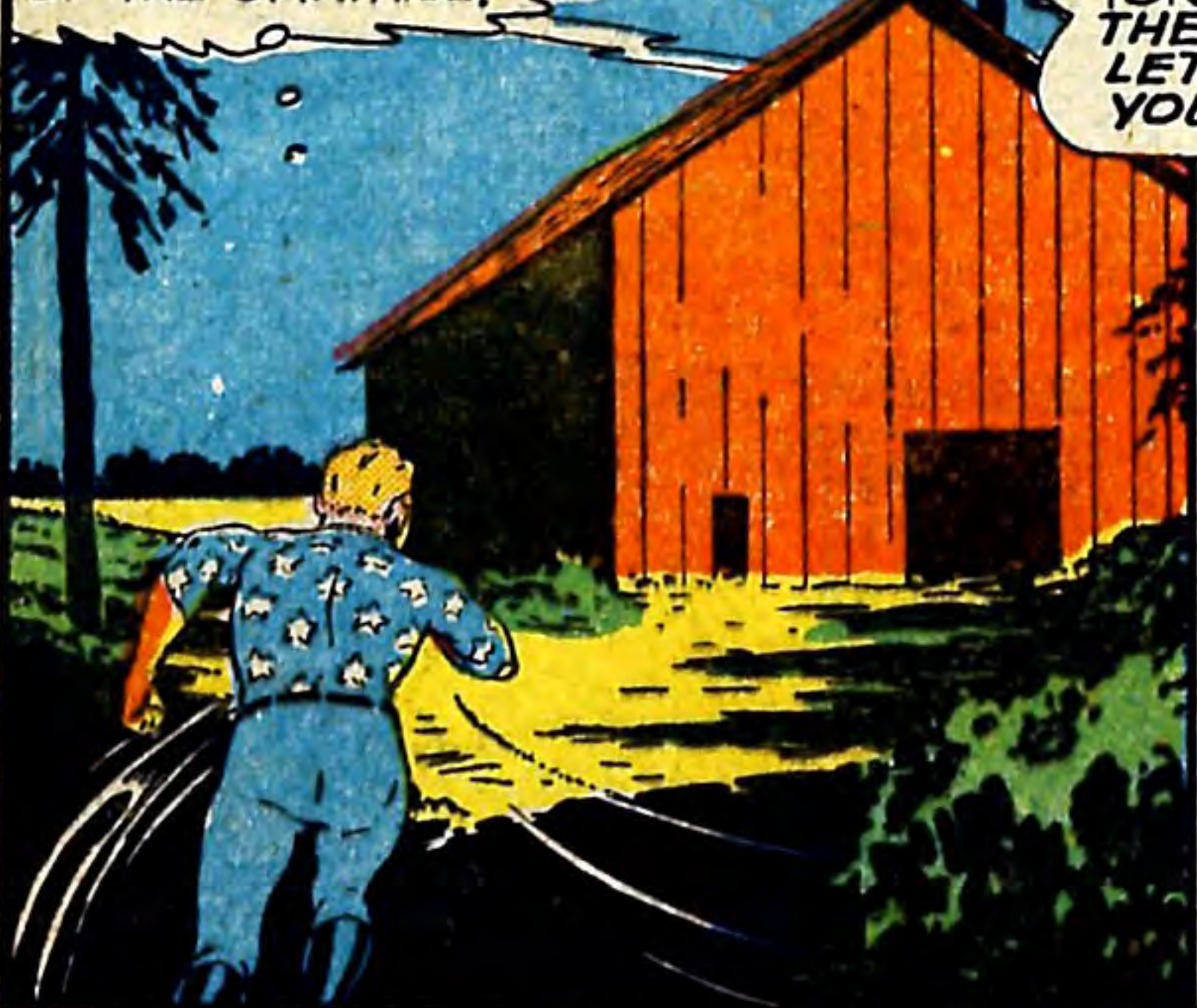
But when Yankee Boy returns on a hunch--

POP'S GONE!

HIS HAT FELL ON THE WALK. SOMEBODY FORCED HIM INTO THAT CAR! LARKIN'S CAR!



LUCKY I REMEMBERED LARKIN IS TRUSTEE OF THE SAWMILL!



YOU WON'T TRICK US LIKE YOU DID TONY! WHERE'S THE ORIGINAL LETTER FROM YOUR SON?

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME. I GOT A TELEGRAM FROM TED. HE'S ON HIS WAY HOME. IF YOU KILL ME, HE'LL TRACK YOU TO THE END OF THE EARTH!





SHOOT HIM,
BRAD! I
LOST MY FOOTING!
KILL HIM!



I--UH--
AAAHH!

WHO THE--?
NICE SHOT,
BUT I'M
TAKING NO
CHANCES. MAYBE
IT'S TONY!

BANG



DAD! WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE?
I FOUND A
NOTE FROM
YANKEE BOY
ON YOUR
DESK AND--

CUT ME
LOOSE,
TED. NO!
FIRST FIND
HARRIS
LARKIN
BEFORE HE
RUNS OUT!



NO! HELP!
I CAN'T SWIM
A STROKE!
I'LL DROWN!

TAKE YOUR
CHOICE! IF
WE FISH YOU
OUT, YOU'LL
HANG!



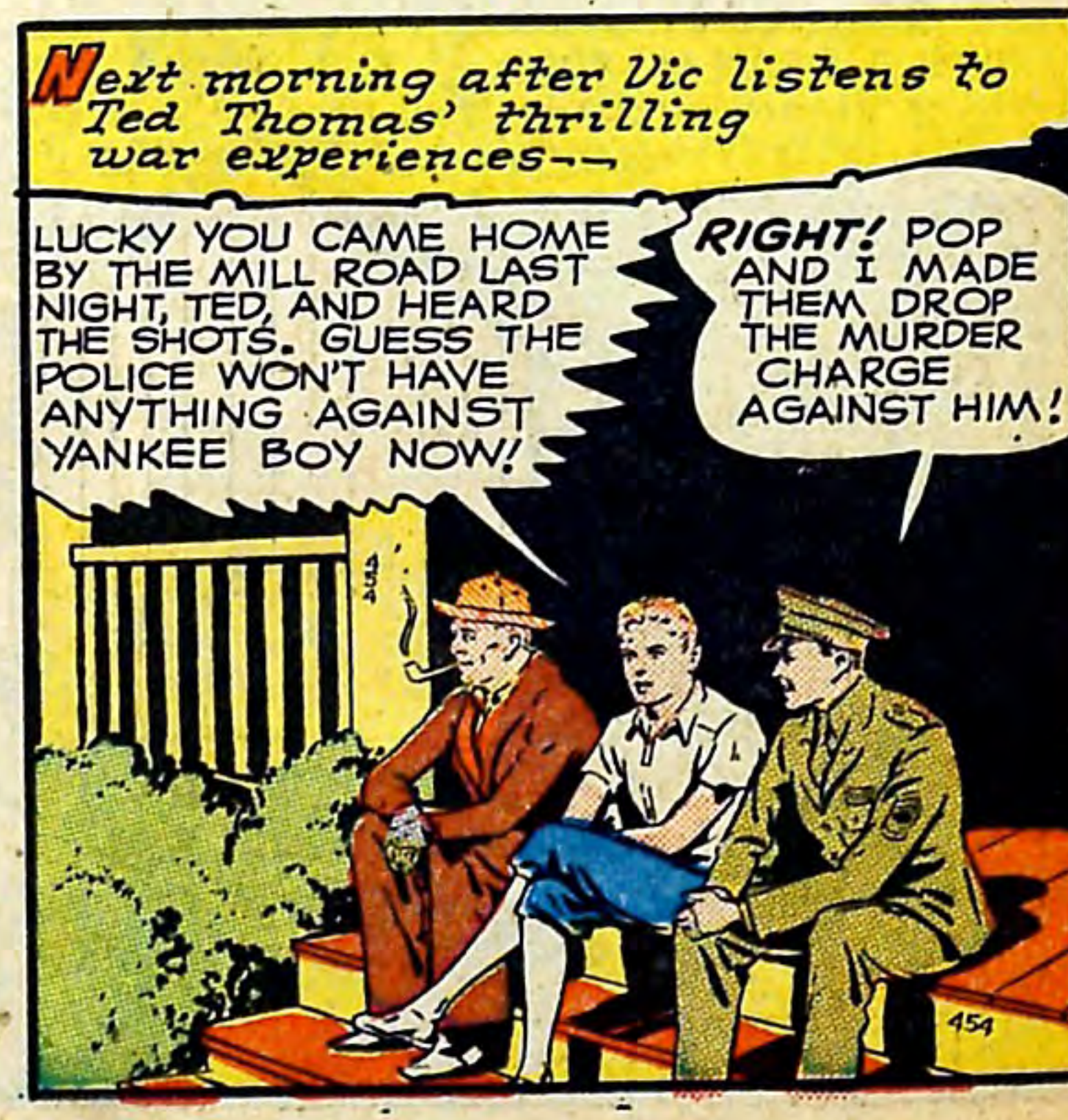
DID HE MURDER
SOMEONE,
YANKEE BOY?

YES. DUSTY RICE --
TO THROW OFF
SUSPICION AND
PREVENT DUSTY
FROM TELLING THAT
HE SAW HIM SNEAK
OUT OF YOUR DAD'S
HOUSE THAT NIGHT!



HE'S BREATHING,
TED! HE'LL LIVE
TO FACE TRIAL.
GO CALL
THE POLICE!

YEAH--HEY, WHERE
THE DEUCE DID
YANKEE BOY GO?



Next morning after Vic listens to
Ted Thomas' thrilling
war experiences--

LUCKY YOU CAME HOME
BY THE MILL ROAD LAST
NIGHT, TED, AND HEARD
THE SHOTS. GUESS THE
POLICE WON'T HAVE
ANYTHING AGAINST
YANKEE BOY NOW!

RIGHT! POP
AND I MADE
THEM DROP
THE MURDER
CHARGE
AGAINST HIM!

SEEDS OF SUSPICION

Green blades reveal a killer's guilt.

Andy Bowes spurred his pony up the steep trail to the top of the mesa. Reaching the rim, he headed across toward the mountain where his friend old Pete Birdsall, lived with a nephew in a cabin.

He paused long enough to whiff the fragrant sage brush in the morning air. The roan was fresh and tugged at the reins. "Whoa," said Bowes. "When we get there yuh won't be so doggone frisky. It's a steep climb."

He had just touched the spurs to the roan's flanks when a shot cracked and a bullet creased his cheek.

"Crazy coyote!" Andy exclaimed. "Looks like old Pete has a caller! Reckon it's good we come this way, Judy. Giddap!"

As the horse reached the foot of the mountain trail, Andy drew his reins and scanned the rocky slope. He saw a vague movement behind a boulder above to his right. He aimed and fired, then approached the rock cautiously. No one was there. He turned the roan's head up the trail.

Andy's brows were knitted as he neared Birdsall's cabin. "Hello!" he called. "Pete! Pete Birdsall! Jonathan!"

As Andy dismounted the cabin door opened and Jonathan Gray stepped out. His shirt was torn and the sleeve was bloodstained.

"I'm shore glad yuh come, Andy!" he blurted. "Uncle Pete went plumb crazy. Shot me in the shoulder, cracked me on the head with a chair and stamped out ravin' mad!"

Andy looked at Jonathan and said: "You're too big to be beaten up by little ole Pete Birdsall."

Gray explained. "I was in the cabin cookin' lunch. Uncle Pete comes back from the mine, yellin' at me. He takes a shot from the doorway, but I seen him in the mirror and ducked!"

"Let's get yore arm fixed up. Probably Pete's the one took a shot at me on the way up."

After Bowes washed Gray's shoulder wound he said: "Kinda noticed Pete ain't been doin' much gardening. He used to plant flowers and such."

"Ow!" Gray exclaimed. "That hurt plenty." Bowes went on bandaging as Gray continued. "That's when he began to go loco. Decided he wouldn't do no more fixin'. Then he began to argue that I was takin' advantage of him."

"You and Pete owned the gold claim together, didn't yuh?" Andy asked.

"It was staked in his name. I sort of worked for him."

Andy finished bandaging Gray's shoulder

and started for the door. "Yuh better stay inside," he cautioned.

He walked about the patch of land the old man had always taken pride in keeping neat. But now the ground had been spaded up and weeds were sprouting. He examined the yard carefully, then swung upon his saddle and rode out among the pines.

He had circled the cabin, when suddenly a rustle of leaves made him turn. He caught the gleam of a rifle barrel over a boulder. The rifle and Andy's gun barked at the same instant. His assailant's bullet split a pine bough above his head. Andy flung himself from his saddle, dodged behind a tree as a second shot fanned his cheek.

"Come on out, Jonathan!" Andy shouted.

"Come and get me!" Gray snarled back.

Andy fired two shots. He saw Jonathan Gray's Stetson fly over the top of the rock. Three quick shots blasted from the rifle and then the hammer struck an empty chamber.

Gray rushed out to leap at Andy like a cornered timber wolf. His greater weight threw Andy off balance. Together they hit the earth. Gray grabbed a sharp rock and slammed it down on Andy's head. Andy's senses spun for a moment but he fought desperately. Suddenly he wrenched his body, jack-knifed his knee into Gray's stomach. Before Gray could catch his wind Andy was rolling him toward the edge of the mesa.

"Wait, Andy! Wait!" Gray screamed.

"Lot of fight for a wounded man," Andy growled. "But I saw it was just a flesh wound when I bandaged yore arm. Git up."

At the cabin Andy said, "Now go haul out the nuggets Pete dug up."

"I—I," Gray began. Then, looking back at Andy's menacing Colt, he reached under his bunk and tossed out a small buckskin pouch.

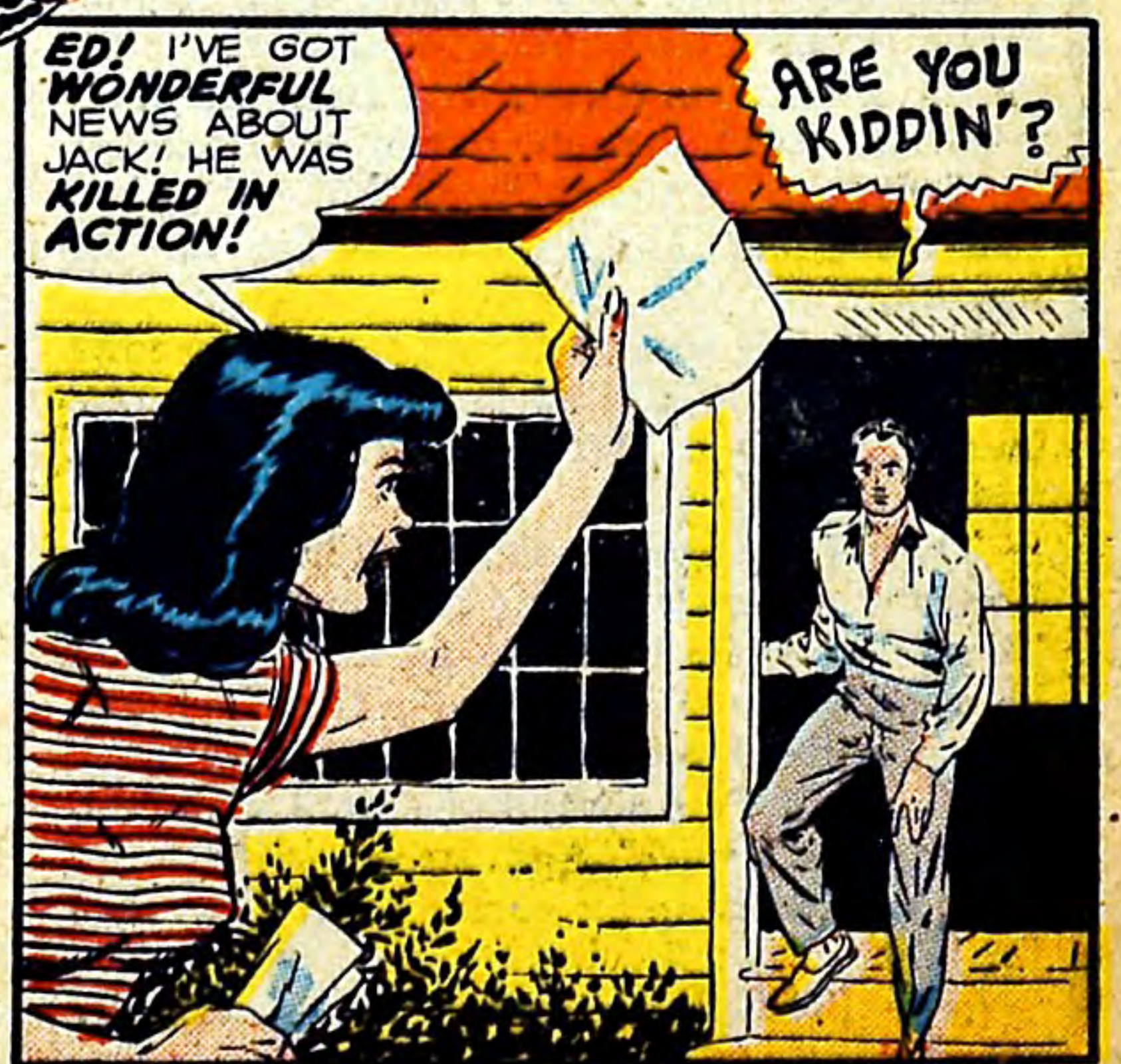
Andy picked it up and weighed it in his hand. "Enough gold in this to put you on Easy Street for the rest of yore life. Now grab a spade."

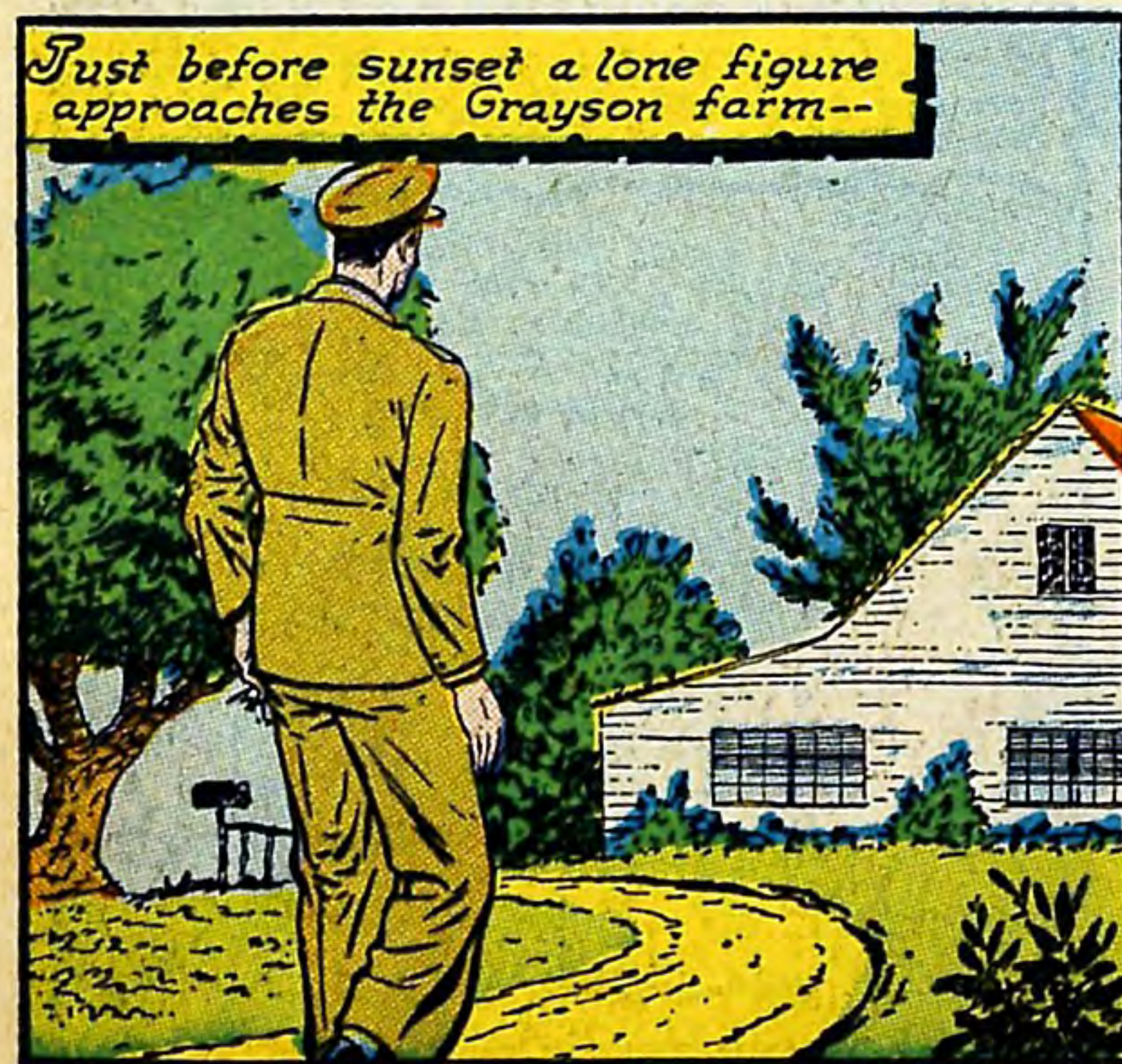
"No, no!" Gray cried. "I can't do it, Andy!"

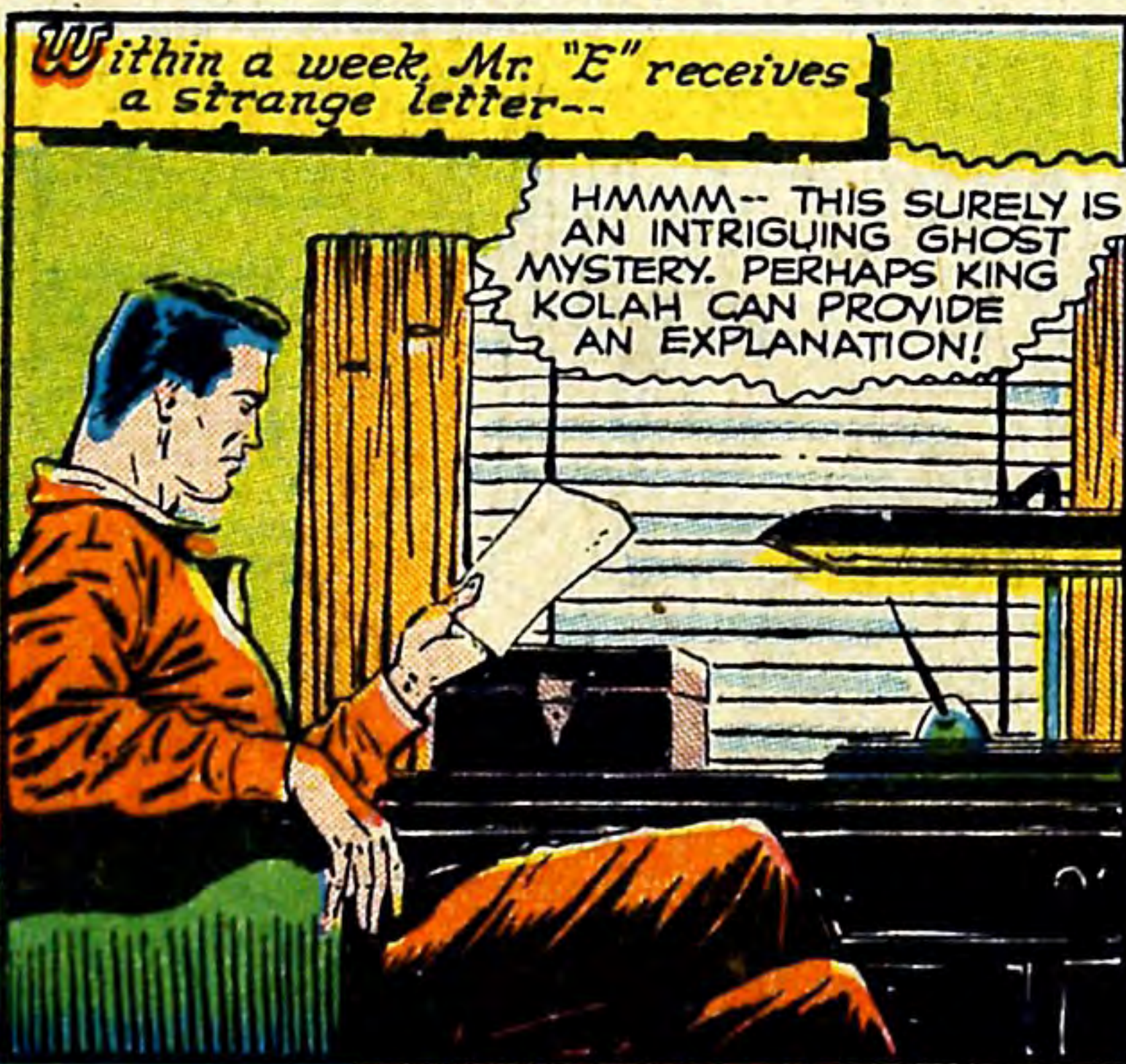
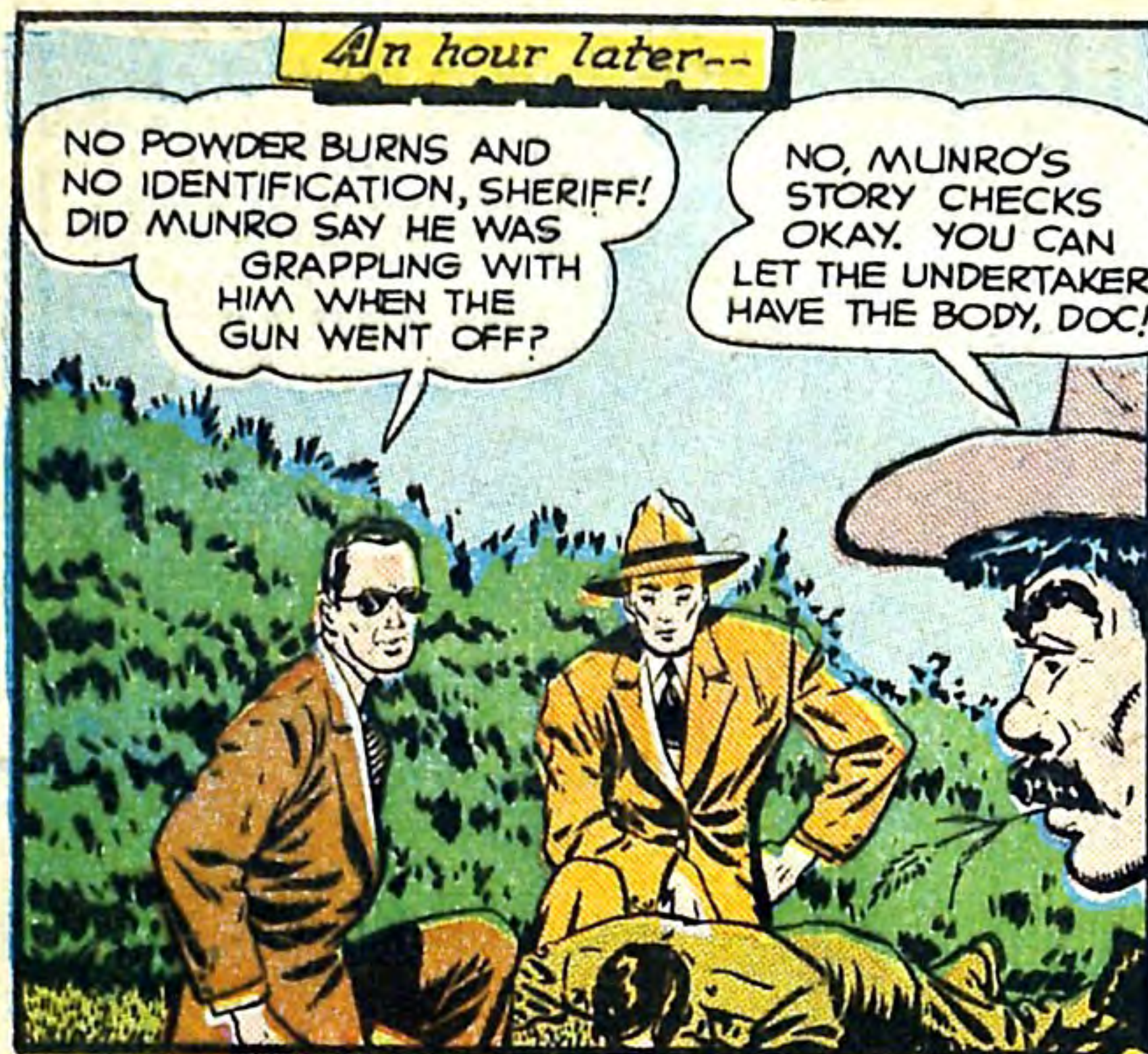
"Then admit yuh killed Pete about three weeks ago and buried him in the yard!"

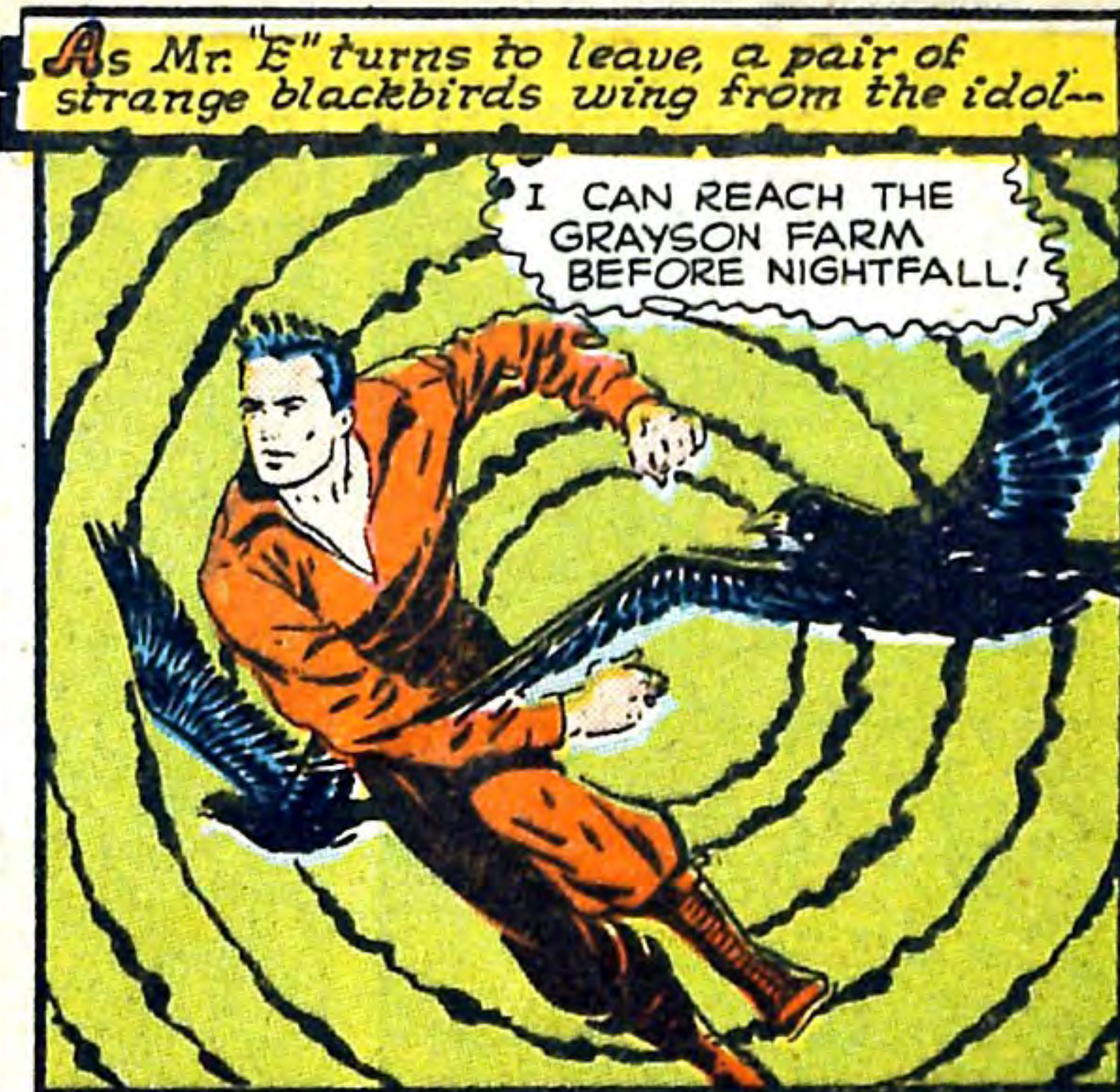
"I—I did. But how did you figure it out?"

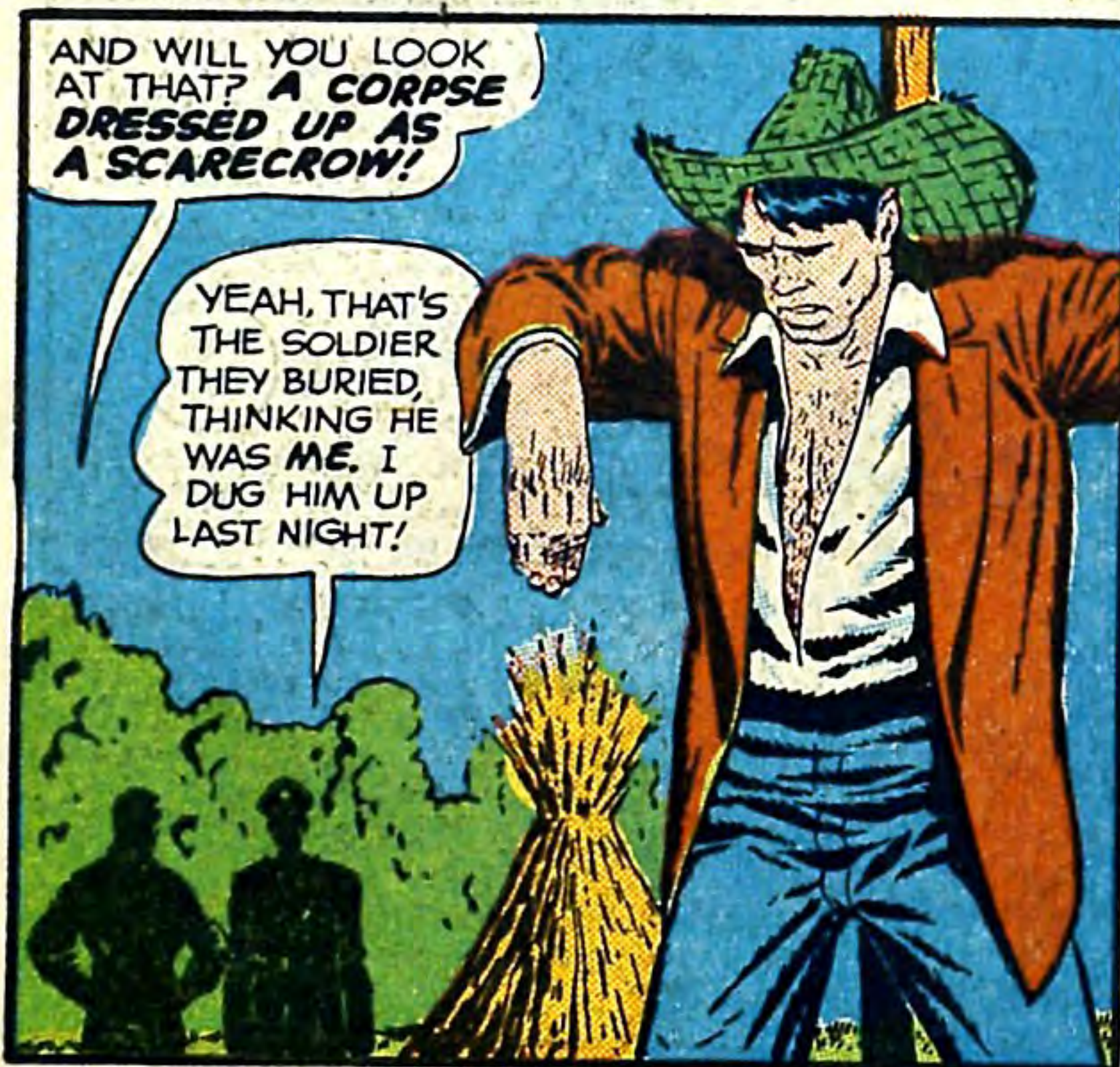
"Yuh should've emptied his pockets when yuh buried him," Andy said. "He'd been plantin' grass seed and it spilled out of his coat when yuh rolled him in the grave. There's new grass sprouting where he's buried. Now come along, Jonathan, and we'll tell the sheriff the whole story."











HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

YOU MURDERED THE **WRONG** SOLDIER, MUNRO. AH, I SEE AN IRON BED IN THE NEXT ROOM! **MOVE ALONG!**



YOU'RE **CRAZY!** I'LL HAVE YOU **ARRESTED** FOR THIS!

NO KIDDING! I'M USING YOUR PHONE TO CALL THE SHERIFF RIGHT NOW, MUNRO!



RIGHT, MR. "E." I'LL BE THERE IN TWENTY MINUTES!

SOMEBODY FIRED A SHOT!



YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT! PLAYING GHOST AND RIGGING UP THAT CORPSE AS A SCARECROW!

GO AHEAD-- GRETA! SHOOT ME AGAIN!



YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT, JACK! THE NEXT BULLET IS FOR MR. "E!"



ED! HE'S CAUGHT ME! SHOOT HIM!

GIVE ME YOUR GUN! YOUR SECOND HUSBAND IS INSIDE-- AWAITING THE SHERIFF!



I GAVE HER MY GUN AND TOLD HER TO KILL ME SO I'D KNOW HER TRUE FEELINGS. THE GUN WAS LOADED WITH **BLANKS!**

THE SHERIFF IS COMING! TELL HER HOW YOUR DOGTAG WAS LOST IN BATTLE AND FOUND BESIDE A DEAD MAN! YOU SEE, I READ THE NEWSPAPER TONIGHT!



Later when Mr. "E" reaches home--

ALL WISE AND POWERFUL KING KOLAH, WE REPORT THAT HUMBLY HAS BEEN JUSTICE OUT AND CARRIED OUT ONES THE GUILTY ONES WILL RECEIVE THEIR GRIM REWARD FOR MURDER!



Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it **GLOWS** in the DARK!

BY DAY, A LOVELY SWANK
TIE... BY NIGHT, A CALL
TO LOVE IN GLOWING
WORDS!

MEN... BOYS... Now amaze your friends! Surprise and thrill every girl you meet! Be different and the life of the party in any crowd! Here's the most amazing spectacular necktie that you ever wore, a smart wrinkle-proof, tailored cravat, which at night is a thrilling sensation! It's smart, superb class by day, and just imagine in the dark it seems like a necktie of compelling allure sheer magic! Like a miracle of light there comes a pulsing, glowing question—WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY? Think of the surprise, the awe you will cause! There's no trick, no hidden batteries, no switches or foolish horseplay, but a thing of loveliness as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wand of darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form so amazingly. It's new... utterly different... a Hollywood riot wherever you go. And here's wonderful news! You can see, examine this glorious tie yourself without risk... just mail the coupon!

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine... Let It Thrill You... ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie, for it's high class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with pride! Its color combination is specially created and so original that you actually can wear it tastefully with any suit! It's wrinkle-proof, beautifully fashioned! You might expect to pay \$2.00 or even \$3.00 for this cravat just for daytime wear. But now, if you act quick, under this special INTRODUCTORY OFFER, you will have this marvelous, breath-taking GLOW IN THE DARK sensation for only \$1.49! That's all, just \$1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million dollars worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, an aid to love! Send no money, here's all you do. Mail coupon with your name and address. On arrival of your GLOWING KISS ME NECKTIE, you simply pay postman \$1.49, plus postage. (If money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine. See how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you are not eager to wear it, just return it for your money back promptly. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then act at once. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO.

215 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 312-K, Chicago 1, Illinois

Rush me my KISS ME NECKTIE that glows in the dark. I will pay postman \$1.49 plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$4.22, check here ☐

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Address

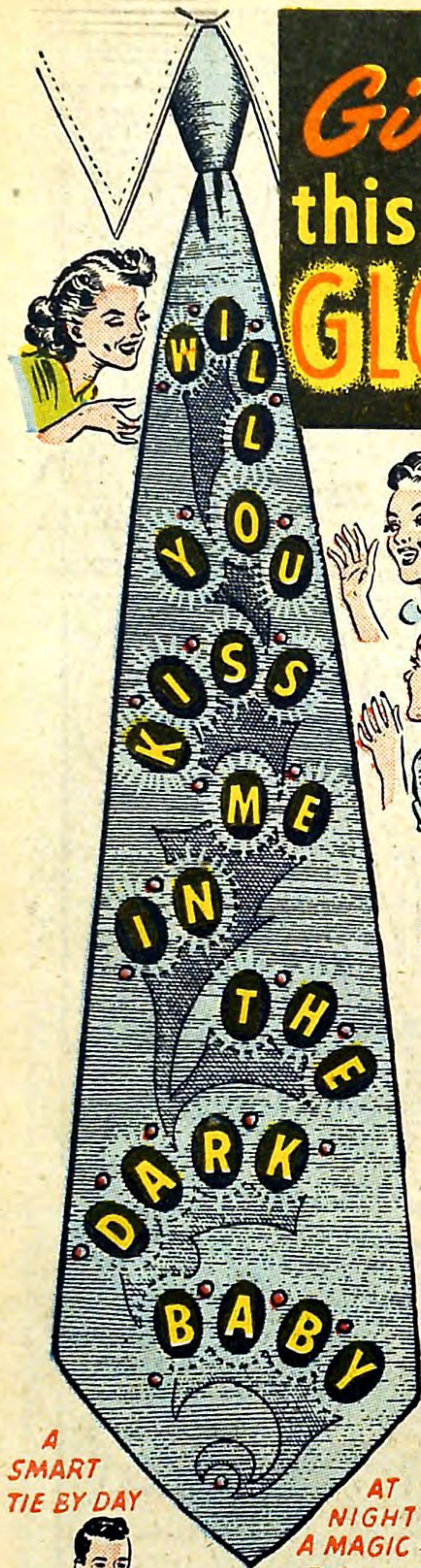
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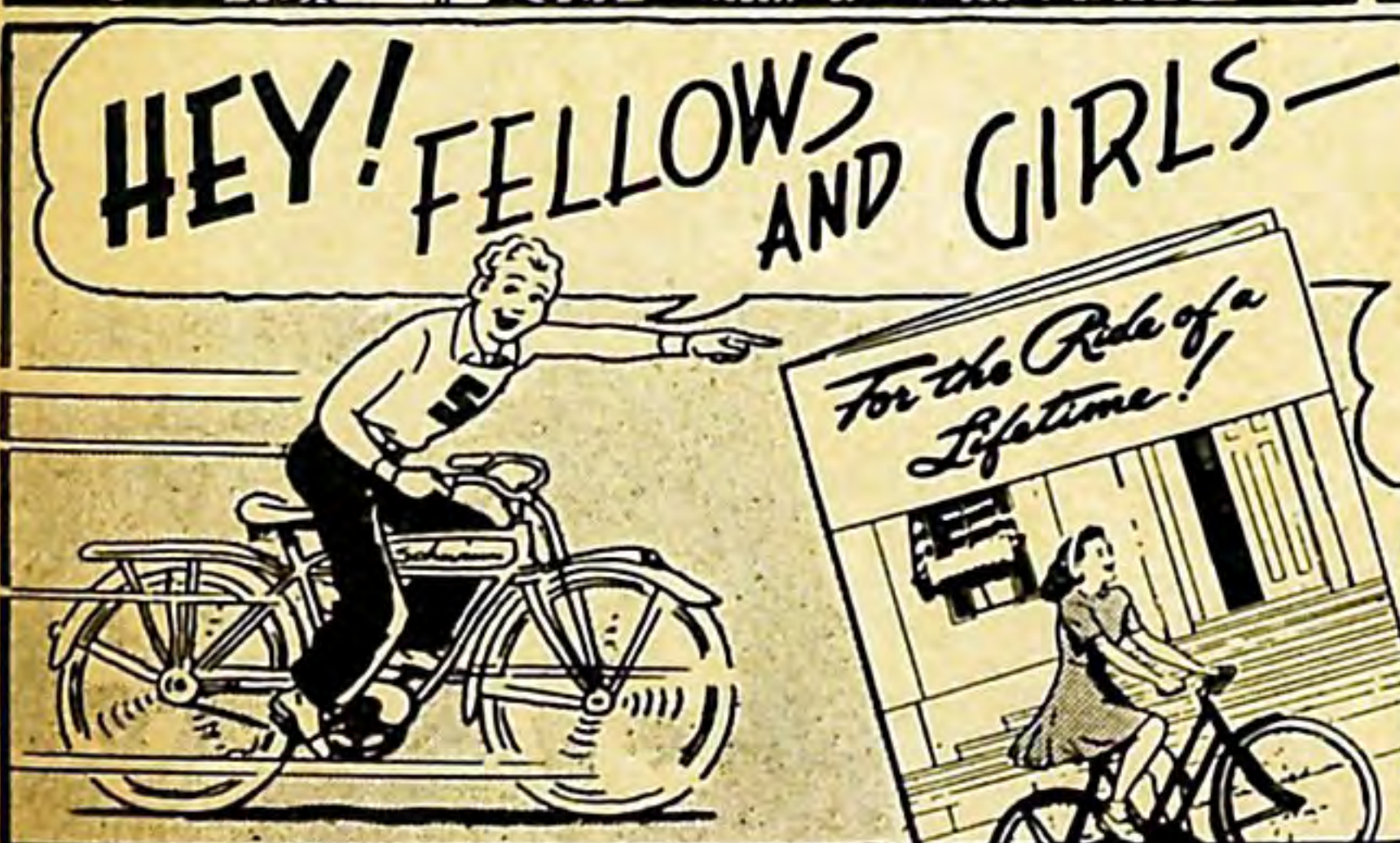
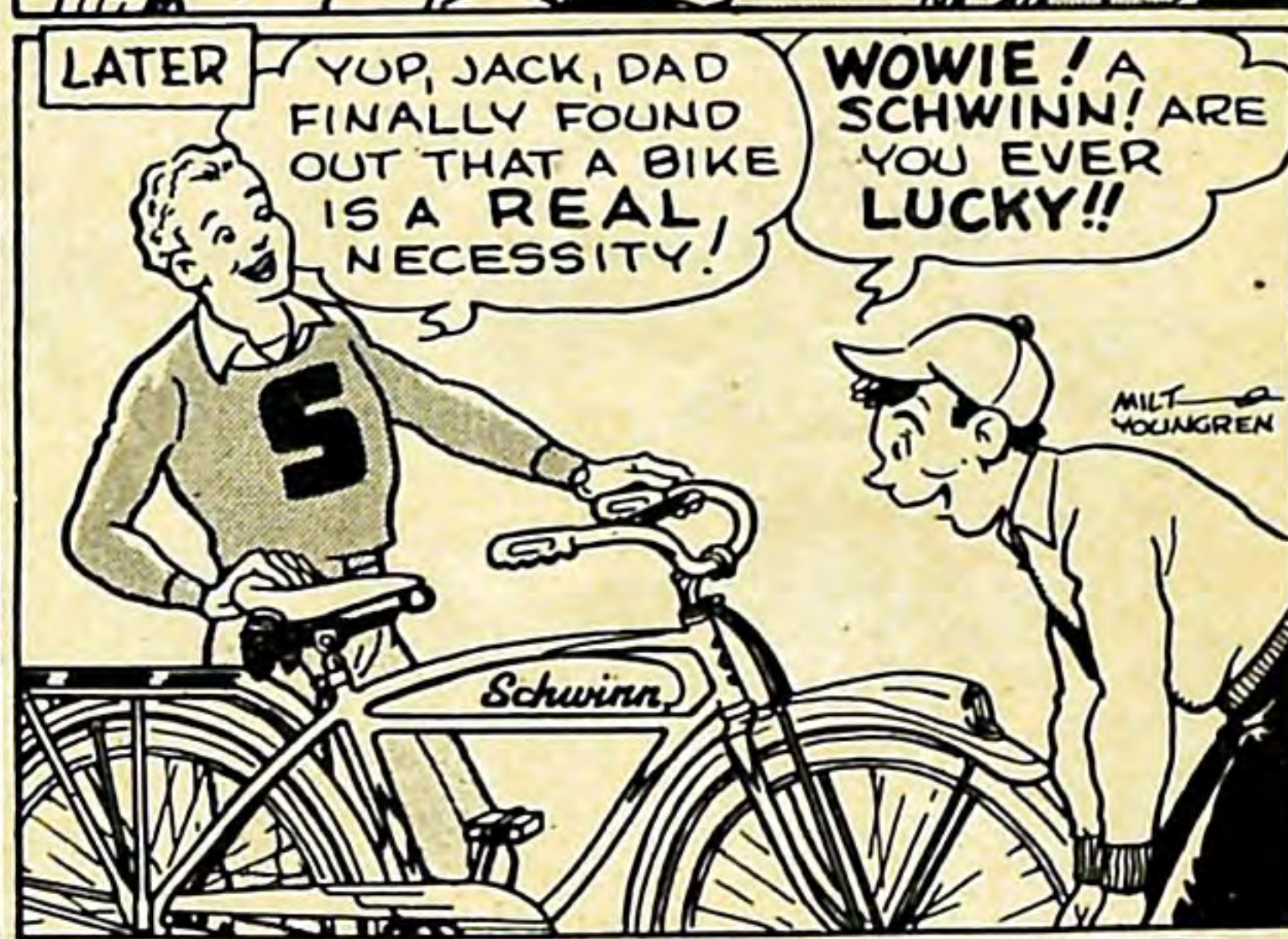
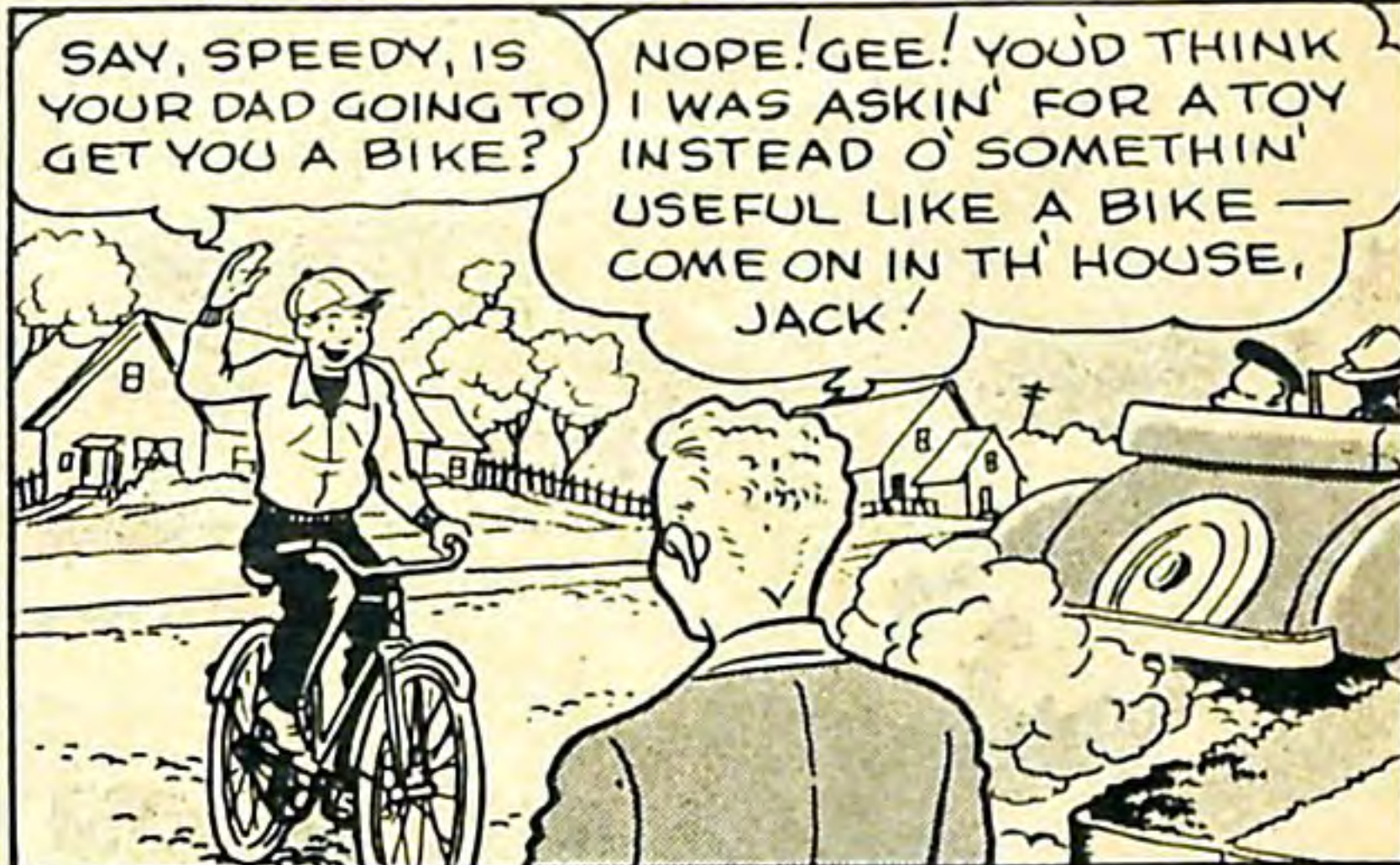
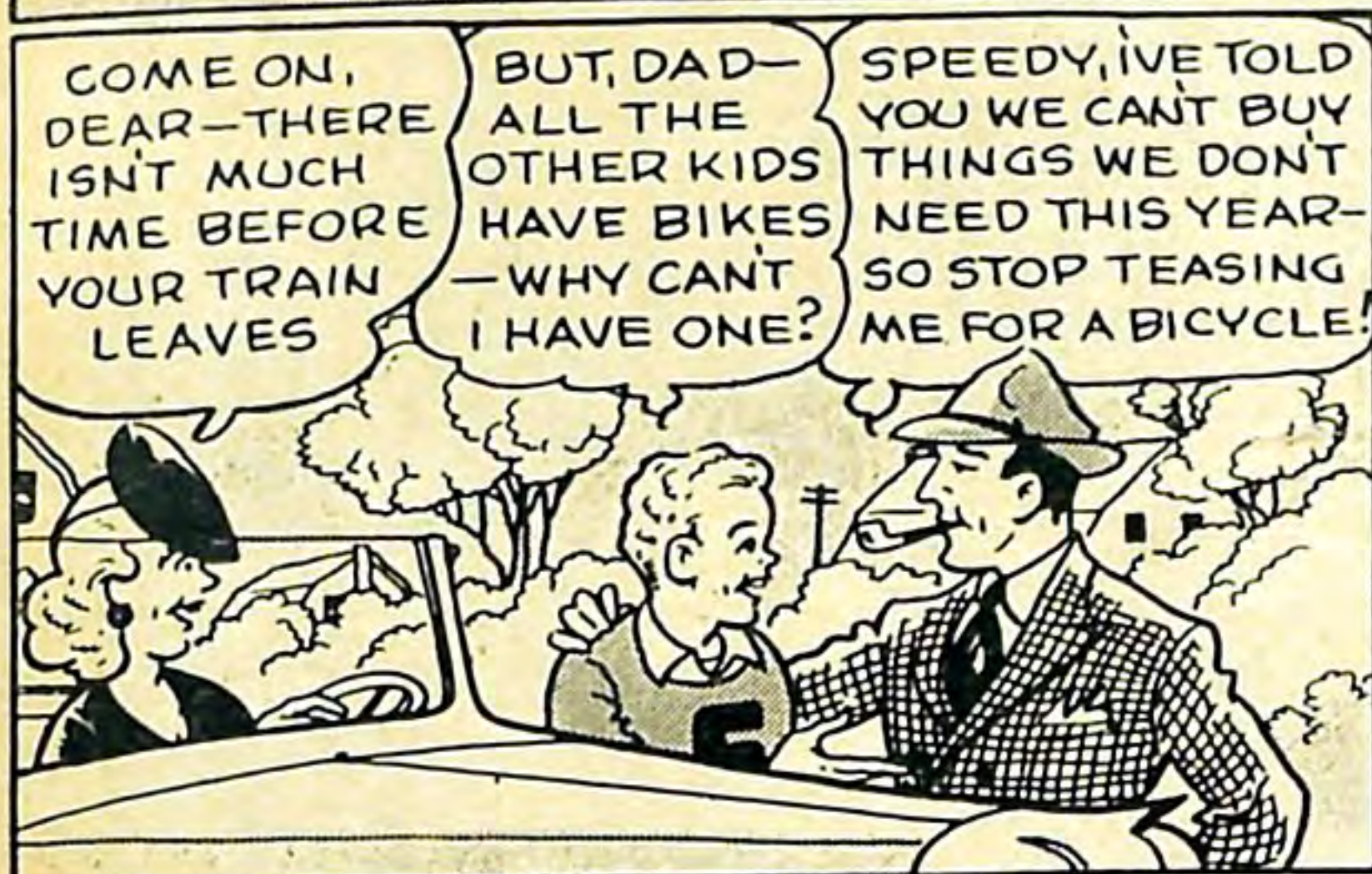
IT'S NOVEL,
DIFFERENT
BARRELS
OF FUN!

AT
NIGHT
A MAGIC
TIE



SPEEDY WHEELER

SAVES THE DAY
AND
WINS A BIKE



GET THIS BIG, EXCITING
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It's super! Packed with color pictures of Hollywood headliners on their Schwinn-Built Bicycles—famous for speed, safety, easy-riding. It's yours free—but supply is limited. To get your copy—mail coupon right now.

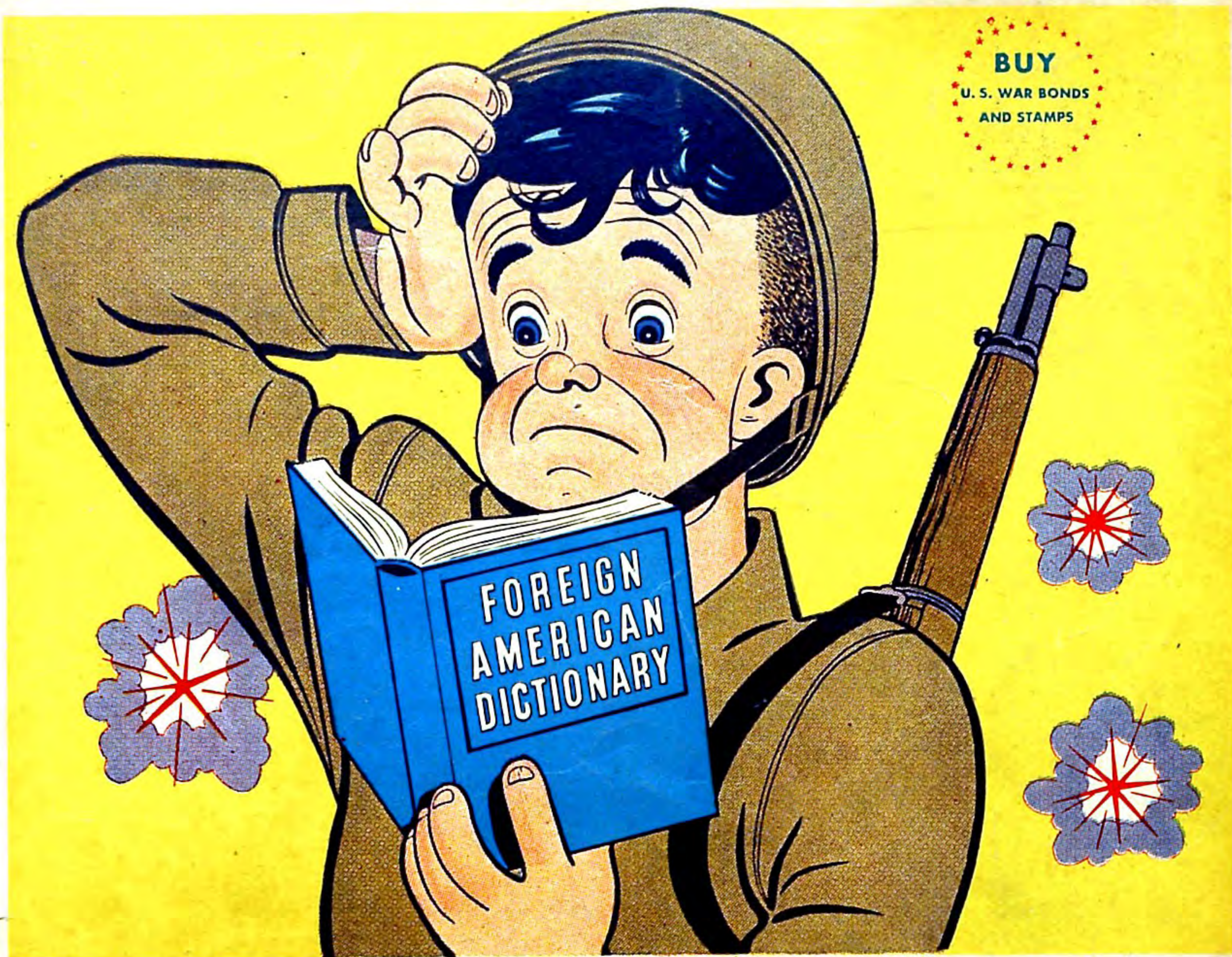
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